THE LIVING AGE

CONTENTS

for June 1, 1930

Articles

STRATEGIES OF PEACE	*Wickham Steed*	388
THE GRAB FOR ANTARCTICA	*A British Editor*	397
THINGS SEEN IN INDIA	*Colin Ross*	401
SNOWDEN, BALDWIN, AND LADY ASTOR	*Harold J. Laski*	411
CHINA GOES TO WAR	*George Soulie de Morant*	419
NORTH AMERICA LOOKS SOUTH	*Robert Cahen Salaberry*	424
PROHIBITION AS IT IS	*A New York Correspondent*	430
ON HORSEBACK THROUGH THE ANDES	*Mario Appelius*	433

Departments

THE WORLD OVER	381
LETTERS AND THE ARTS	408
AS OTHERS SEE US	439
CORRESPONDENCE	441

THE LIVING AGE. Published semi-monthly, on the first and the fifteenth of each month. Publication office, 10 FERRY STREET, CONCORD, N. H. Editorial and General offices, 253 Broadway, New York City. 25c a copy. $6.00 a year. Foreign postage, except Canada, $1.00. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.
Copyright, 1930, by The Living Age Company, New York, New York.

THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GUIDE POST

MR. WICKHAM STEED is very nearly the only optimist remaining after the recent Naval Conference; but this is because he thinks he sees the real implications of the halting diplomacy at London. To liberate the forces that make for peace, rather than to attempt to restrain those that make for war—this is the positive policy that MR. STEED, former editor of the London *Times*, wants the world to follow, and in STRATEGIES OF PEACE he works out a programme that cannot fail to interest anyone who can think in generations rather than in years before the next election.

MORE often than not we have to look abroad to find out what our American expatriates are doing. This time, in NORTH AMERICA LOOKS SOUTH, ROBERT CAHEN SALABERRY describes for the *Mercure de France* Argentina's naïvely enthusiastic response to Waldo Frank's Buenos Aires lectures on the American Idea—not the obvious North American Idea that makes the average Latin American smile bitterly and pinch his pocketbook, but a strange, spiritual thing which we somehow fear the average citizen of the United States would not recognize should he meet it on Main Street.

CONNECTING the Italians with Chile and Argentina may seem a far stretch for the normal imagination, until one remembers that nearly as many Italians have emigrated to South America as to North, and with a good deal more profit. This, perhaps, explains why it happens to be an Italian who, in ON HORSEBACK THROUGH THE ANDES, visits a region seldom seen by Americans and brings back an authentic antediluvian thrill in his description of a fight between a hunter and a mother condor.

THERE is not the slightest trace of London fog in MR. HAROLD LASKI's article on SNOWDEN, BALDWIN, AND LADY ASTOR—three outstanding members of the present House of Commons whom the Laborite economist chooses to dissect. MR. LASKI, while not yet well known in this country, is steadily increasing his reputation abroad as a fair-minded analyst of political and economic problems; in this article he shows himself an unabashed human analyst as well.

THE dramatic interest of GANDHI's Indian adventure is likely to cloud one's view of the underlying problem of British rule in India, and may very well have been intended to befog the mind of as much of the world as possible before the approaching Simon Report to Parliament is made public. In these circumstances, no breath of fresh air could be more bracing than COLIN ROSS's THINGS SEEN IN INDIA in this number—as fair-minded and illuminating an analysis as we have been privileged to see in the press of any country. Mr. Ross is a German journalist born of British parents.

OBVIOUSLY Britain's thoughts of empire are limited neither to India nor to the present; in THE GRAB FOR ANTARCTICA a far-seeing London editor points out the danger to future international peace of longer postponing a world agreement on national rights in Commander Byrd's Antarctica. This article, incidentally, marks the second American appearance of the *Week-end Review*, established this spring by the dissenting editors of the *Saturday Review*.

THERE is nothing very distinctively English or German or French or Russian in the published documents concerning the outbreak of the World War in Europe; but there is something unmistakably Chinese in the letters, exchanged between the Northern and Southern generals before the 1930 Chinese hostilities began, reprinted in CHINA GOES TO WAR in this issue. The style breathes the courtesy of the Confucian scholar; the argument is a delightful combination of an appeal to the enemy's better nature and a self-justification; and the implicit assumption in each case that all depends on the leaders concerned is delightfully revealing of the true state of affairs in China.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

June 1, 1930 *Volume 338, Number 4363*

The World Over

'LOOK OUT, AMERICA!' is the unmistakable lesson that British domestic politics have just revealed. In a straight fight between Conservatives and Laborites for a Parliamentary seat in London recently vacated by its Laborite occupant, the Conservative candidate, Sir Cyril Cobb, chairman of the British Navy League, received the slender majority of 240 votes by advocating Lord Beaverbrook's programme of Empire Free Trade. His victory came immediately after the Canadian Government had signified a willingness to encourage trade with the mother country and, more specifically, had threatened to retaliate against higher American tariffs by raising its duties on imports from the United States. The demands at Washington for more protection may not have actually created the small Conservative majority, but they certainly did not lessen the enthusiasm of the British for a trade policy directed against American exports to the dominions. 'Do not refuse to take the hands of your brothers and sisters overseas,' urged Lord Beaverbrook on the eve of the voting.

Although these Empire Free Traders have been widely ridiculed they are gradually acquiring one important asset. By developing for generations on a strictly two-party basis, the British parliamentary system had never until lately depended on those shaky coalitions of many groups that make political stability on the Continent such a rare and uncertain thing. The growth of the Labor Party, however, introduced a new element, and as matters now stand it is almost impossible

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for any party to win a majority of seats in Parliament, let alone gain a popular majority. One result of this condition is that the three great parties have tended to divide themselves up still further. A long-standing feud has existed in the Liberal Party between the followers of Lloyd George and those of the late Lord Asquith. The Independent Labor Party from which the present Labor Party sprang has been holding a convention of record size denouncing the halfway measures of the MacDonald Government and announcing, incidentally, that Mr. Thomas, as 'Minister of Unemployment,' has done more for the capitalists within a few months than the Conservatives accomplished in the space of five years. And it required all of Mr. Baldwin's political tact to prevent a Conservative split when Rothermere and Beaverbrook launched their abortive United Empire Party three months ago.

Now the strong position of the 'Empire Crusaders' resides in the fact that they are trying to create a single paramount issue that will once again divide the country into two camps. When their campaign began prospects did not look rosy, but the wide resentment against higher American tariffs may drive the dominions into the arms of the mother country and remove the one insuperable obstacle that has hitherto blocked any effective programme of imperial preference. Thus, American statesmen in Washington—to say nothing of American industrialists in Pennsylvania—find themselves all unconsciously determining the political future of the British Isles.

THE FIRST TANGIBLE RESULT of the Naval Conference will be the construction of a 27,000-ton French cruiser described by Hector C. Bywater, naval correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, as 'incomparably superior in every respect to the *Ersatz Preussen* and practically equal in fighting power to any battle cruiser now afloat with the sole exception of H. M. S. *Hood*.' This decision on the part of the French Cabinet, for which Mr. Bywater vouches, came as a result of the German Cabinet's assent to granting credit for a second 'pocket battleship.' The Conservative *Week-end Review* of London makes this bitter comment:—

> Germany's reputation for blundering diplomacy is maintained. At a moment when French fears of the German *Ersatz Preussen* have been partly instrumental in preventing a five-power naval pact, the decision of the Brüning Cabinet not to oppose a first credit for the construction of a second 'pocket battleship' is an example of almost criminal tactlessness. The Germans have every justification for the feeling that after disarming them, 'in order to render possible the initiation of a general limitation of the armaments of all nations' (to quote the Versailles Treaty), the ex-Allied Powers have been lamentably reluctant to reduce their own fighting strengths. But that does not justify a decision to increase the strength of the German navy within a week of the agreement among great powers to limit theirs.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Other reactionary tendencies in Germany have also attracted comment. A contributor to *Le Figaro* asserts:—

> Serious efforts are now being made in Germany to attract Italy, a country that France has often treated stupidly during the past ten years. As a political, military, and moral factor, Italy to-day represents a first-rate point of support. Considering its forty-three million inhabitants and the discipline which Mussolini has inculcated in them, how can we deny the prodigious progress our neighbors have made? And what would have happened in 1914 if Italy had ranged herself on the side of our enemies? We are betraying no secret when we assert that people of the highest importance on the Italian peninsula openly declare that occult forces are opposing a Franco-Italian *rapprochement*.

Meanwhile Professor Foerster's pacifist organ, *Die Zeit*, points out that last year Germany spent the equivalent of 7,758,000,000 francs on her police forces and her army while in the same period France spent 7,154,000,000 francs on the same services. But what Professor Foerster does not take into sufficient account is the constant danger of civil war that compels the German authorities to spend lavishly on local militia. There lies the real secret of Germany's defense bill.

STATISTICS COMPILED AND PUBLISHED by the French Government show that during the past year the birth rate and marriage rate in France have both declined and that the death rate and divorce rate have risen. Furthermore, the excess of deaths over births, which amounted to 12,474 in 1928, rose to 70,205 in 1929. During 1929 there were 333,441 marriages, 19,353 divorces, 728,540 births, and 741,014 deaths in France. During 1928 there were 339,014 marriages, 18,822 divorces, 745,315 births, and 675,110 deaths. The organs of liberal opinion in Paris have concluded from these figures that the rising death rate constitutes a much more alarming symptom than the falling birth rate. Louis Barthou, former minister of justice, is quoted as having said on a previous occasion, 'For my part I have always had less belief in measures designed to encourage births than in methods whose object is to preserve physically and morally the lives acquired.' Medical experts have also stated in their scientific journals that at least 80,000 French babies die each year and that 60,000 of these deaths are solely due to undernourishment. The population of France cannot therefore be expected to increase until living conditions among the poorer class have been considerably improved.

BERNARD QUESNAY, the French banking expert whose appointment as general manager of the Bank of International Settlements caused so much indignation in Germany, compares favorably with John Maynard Keynes in respect to both brilliance and versatility. Only thirty-four years of age, M. Quesnay holds a double doctorate from the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sorbonne in political and economic science, having previously taken an A.M. in letters and philosophy. He has studied the social sciences and followed advanced courses on mental diseases. His recent career, however, has been anything but academic. From 1920 to 1922 he was assistant to the Austrian section of the Reparations Committee and in 1923 he became right-hand man to Dr. Zimmerman, the high commissioner appointed by the League to reorganize Austrian finances. In 1925 he went to Budapest and in 1926, Moreau, governor of the Bank of France, made him his secretary. As one of the delegates to the Paris Reparations Conference last year, M. Quesnay distinguished himself so conspicuously that Owen D. Young wrote to him, saying, 'I feel bound to say that your collaboration in the work of the committee has not been merely important but unique.' In his present position with the International Bank, M. Quesnay has every chance of becoming one of the outstanding figures in the new Europe.

ARISTIDE BRIAND has been devoting the interval between the close of the London Naval Conference and the opening of the next session of the League to the advancement of his project of the United States of Europe, having sent questionnaires to the foreign offices of the twenty-six nations to whom he broached the subject a year ago. A dispatch to *Le Matin* by Jules Sauerwein, the 'unofficial spokesman' of the French foreign minister, gives a clue to the selfish ends that France can gain from promoting a European confederation. The Naval Conference revealed that England and America are more interested in reaching an agreement between themselves than in guaranteeing the peace of Europe; in fact, the comparative withdrawal of England from the Continental scene changes everything. No single European state can now hope to dominate its neighbors through gaining British support, and France will therefore make no mistake if she puts herself at the head of a movement to bring all of Europe together. M. Sauerwein admits, of course, that Europe is still divided, 'Germany and her neighbors forming a geographic group and France and her allies a political group.' But he also points out that France and Germany are bound to each other by the Locarno Pact and that their rivalry is not, therefore, fundamental. Italy, of course, seeks prestige and many Germans demand the revision of certain frontiers. But both Italy and Germany are chiefly interested in foreign trade—Italy with a view to securing raw materials, Germany with a view to selling her industrial products abroad. By playing upon these economic interests M. Briand hopes to attain political results.

THE WARM WELCOME extended to Chancellor Schober of Austria during his recent visit to Paris can be accounted for in two ways.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For one thing, the French wished to impress upon him not only the value of their friendship but the dangers he would encounter if he worked for union with Germany—indeed, both *Le Temps* and the *Journal des Débats* warned him specifically against such a course. But the attitude of the left-wing press threw light on another aspect of his visit, for these papers showed themselves far more disturbed by Schober's anti-Socialist bias than the chauvinists were by his possible affection for Germany. Léon Blum, Socialist leader in the Chamber of Deputies, contributed a strong leading article to the *Populaire* asserting that Schober's real mission was to persuade the French and British to permit both the Fascist and Socialist militia of Austria to merge with the regular army, the idea being that the Socialists would refuse to serve and would have to dissolve their forces while the Fascist militia would at once become legalized. All of which goes to show that the issue of Socialism, although still fought by national parties, has become an international affair.

ONE OF THE MANY spectacular devices by which the Fascist Government stimulates popular enthusiasm takes the form of an annual levy in which the senior members of the various military groups are moved up to the next class. The graduating members of the Balillas, which include boys between the ages of eight and fourteen, become advance guards and the oldest advance guards, aged eighteen, become members of the Fascist militia. In the ceremony for the current year 85,000 advance guards were promoted, as compared with 79,000 in 1929 and 47,000 in 1928. During the next twelve months the present advance guards will concentrate as much as possible on nautical activities, the day of the levy having been marked by the launching of four new cruisers, two of ten thousand tons, the other two of five thousand. The press pointed out that the London Naval Conference had made the question of maritime supremacy the issue of the day and a certain admiral named Thaon di Revel offered this piece of historical criticism:—

> The Roman Empire remained an empire only so long as its armed galleys cleaved the seas. In the night of the Middle Ages the most luminous gesture was made by Italy in the feats of the navigators of our maritime republics. Every great enterprise on the sea executed during this period is linked with some great Italian name. These traditions and necessities of maritime power are all the greater to-day now that the country, united by the sacrifice of its sons and inspired by the genius of its great leader, looks squarely toward the future, conscious of the rôle it is called upon to play in the world.

The *Manchester Guardian* does not share this bluff old sea dog's point of view. The fact that Mussolini has now decreed that all teachers in Italian colleges and secondary schools must be good Fascists, preferably of five years' standing, has provoked these distressed comments:—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> The best of Italy is now in exile or in prison, but by the byways of communication they still speak more eloquently to their country than the official panegyrists of the present régime. Just as in the last century all the might of Austria and the Italian princelings could not extinguish the demand for a united Italy, so now in this century not all the tests that Mussolini can devise will stifle the longing for a free Italy. The ablest of the apologists for Fascism, Signor Gentile, has admitted that it was born of the War. It is the product of a war neurosis, of that sudden failure of nerve which has made so many countries tire for a time of the slow, wearing toil of detailed thought without which representative institutions cannot be worked. Born of the War, it has developed and used war-time methods of propaganda. It has borrowed incongruous ideas from every quarter of Europe and tied them into the lictor's bundle for an emblem. Dreams of ancient Rome, vaguely syndicalist ideals, authoritarianism, and violent nationalism masquerade in unhappy neighborliness. They form the content of the much-vaunted body of Fascist doctrine, but they have no life or force in themselves. They are a chance collection. The rods and axes of the ancient lictors symbolized justice; the Fascist emblem stands for nothing but the accident of power.

STORIES ABOUT RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION in Russia and campaigns in behalf of oppressed Christians on Russian soil no longer attract the attentive credulity of the outer world—and for the best of reasons. Even when the agitations against the Soviet Union were at their height, the more liberal organs of opinion not only in England but on the Continent pointed out that most of the atrocities occurred long ago and suggested that the prospective success of the Five-Year Plan had led certain reactionary politicians to exploit the honest alarms of the religious leaders of Christendom. It now transpires that these liberal organs were entirely correct in their presumptions. The British ambassador at Moscow has made a thorough report on the question of religious persecution among the Soviets and, though the document itself has not been made public, the gist of its contents has been revealed by a reliable correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, who writes as follows:—

> No case could be discovered of the punishment of a priest, or any other person, for the practice of the Christian or any other religion, or for the performance or observance of religious rites and services. Priests have been shot for counter-revolutionary crimes. Other foreign diplomatists have made similar inquiries with the same results. The people are free to worship and to be baptized, married, and buried in Christian fashion, and there is similar liberty for Jews and Mohammedans.

This does not mean that the Communists are anything but hostile to religion. Priests enjoy no civic rights, they are not given ration cards or allotted housing space. If they show any sign of counterrevolutionary activity they are shot, imprisoned, or sent to Siberia. Their children, like the children of all unrepentant officials of the old régime, receive no education. Most priests, however, are well cared for by their diminishing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

congregations and no layman suffers any disadvantage for practising or professing the Christian religion, but no public or organized religious instruction is allowed to be given to anyone under eighteen years of age. These repressive measures, coupled with the strongly religious twist given to Communist doctrines, have put many churches out of business and brought about a condition in which the majority of Christians in Russia are now over thirty years old. Meanwhile, the British Embassy announces itself as solely—and deeply—concerned as to where British trade will be when the Five-Year Plan has been put through and Communist Russia becomes as good a customer as any Christian land.

INDIVIDUAL SHOPKEEPERS in Japan have been suffering from a severe depression that is due partly to the spread of department stores and partly to their own inefficiency. After the depression of 1922 many unemployed workers set themselves up in retail trade with only a few hundred dollars' capital. Ignorant of their wares and wholly unable to pay their running expenses, they have somehow managed to maintain life, but their present situation has become desperate. A correspondent of the *Japan Advertiser* reports that small shopkeepers who only owe back rent for a year are considered fortunate and many of the others have formed the habit of packing up what merchandise they possess and vanishing with it overnight. A plan has been suggested whereby the Government would advance about $10,000,000 in loans, but such a course would lead to favoritism if not to actual corruption, and, in any event, the Government might just as well kiss good-bye to any sums it lent on such a basis. Formerly, in times of unemployment, the Japanese industrial worker would retire to the country, but no place for him exists there any more. And now that his final resort of retail trade has failed him he must look to the state for aid.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To write with authority on the vast problem of world peace vast experience is necessary. Wickham Steed, former editor of the London *Times*, now editor of the British *Review of Reviews*, is almost ideally equipped for the task.

Strategies *of* PEACE

By WICKHAM STEED

From the *Review of Reviews*
London Current-Affairs Monthly

BY THE TIME these pages are published the London Naval Conference will have ended. There have been moments when it seemed doomed to total failure, moments at which observers of its methods were bound to ask themselves why the representatives of five great nations which have renounced war should find it so desperately hard to prove their sincerity. At one such moment I wrote that the course of the Conference had already shown that, 'if international peace is to be built up, something safer than figures and politics, dipped in the corrosive acid of distrust, will have to form its foundations. The nations of the earth have to learn to think peace before they can do peace; and the question arises whether, after all, the most useful part of the League of Nations may not turn out to be its despised and neglected "Institute for Intellectual Coöperation"—a bad name for a good thing. Civilized mankind will not be able to act together until it has been taught to think together. This is the task to be taken in hand.'

In past centuries there have been times when, on certain matters, a large number of nations did think as a team. There have been longer periods when educated individuals in many nations had common standards of thought and a single medium of communication. During the First Crusade the peoples of Christendom thought, felt, and acted as a team, but the object of their thought and action was war. In the Great War the Allied and Associated peoples fought as a team for the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

common purpose of resisting German militarism and—toward the end—of suppressing war itself. Yet, when victory had been won, they fell asunder and, while making some arrangements for the prevention of war, overlooked the difference between preventing war and making peace. Even during the drafting and the adoption of the League Covenant by the Paris Peace Conference nobody seemed to reflect that when people think of preventing war, they necessarily think of what they want to prevent; whereas if people think of peace they think of what they wish to secure and to strengthen. At that time, in the spring of 1919, it was hard to imagine that nations would or could ever break themselves of the habit of thinking of peace in terms of war. To-day it is less hard; and the greatest present need of the world is precisely to learn how to think peace and to make it.

THIS is the chief lesson of the Naval Conference. It has shown that the habit of thinking war is still too strong to be quickly broken—as is natural if we remember that, for countless ages, men have constantly thought war and have never thought peace for long at a stretch. War has been looked upon as the only means of preserving national safety, and every nation has claimed the right to decide whether or not its national safety was endangered by other nations. Even in the Covenant of the League the principle is admitted that armaments shall only be reduced to the lowest point consistent with national safety—perhaps without reckoning that 'safety' is a feeling, not a hard and fast fact, and that a nation's estimate of its own safety may depend upon the state of its nerves. Notwithstanding all solemn promises to refrain from war, it has been found that no nation is quite willing to trust other nations, or to dismiss as futile the question: 'Suppose that, after all, some nation does make war upon us? What then?'

This question has governed every conference upon the reduction of armaments, including the London Naval Conference; and the London Conference has brought out, more clearly than ever, the truth that any attempt to diminish armaments by international agreement is bound to reveal, in terms of armaments, each nation's fear of other nations until it had been decided what is to happen if some nation breaks its promise not to go to war. And the Conference has made plain to the delegations taking part in it other facts of which the public has heard little. These facts are that rivalry in naval armaments has been going on during the past five or six years—except in the big warships which were limited by the Washington Conference of 1921–22—and that, if this rivalry were not checked, the number of cruisers, destroyers, and submarines to be built in the near future would be appalling. Not even the renunciation of war by the Kellogg Peace Pact of 1928 has prevented

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most of the five principal naval powers from increasing, or planning to increase, their navies, just as though they expected to use them for war. This is one reason why the London Conference has been so confused and confusing. None of the powers taking part in it has been ready to say quite plainly how much faith it really puts in the Peace Pact.

Nevertheless this question has been writ large, albeit in invisible ink, over all the documents and calculations which the various delegates have exchanged or discussed with each other. If no answer has been given, it is because no answer can be given until a previous question has been thrashed out. This previous question is whether the United States, which does not belong to the League of Nations, though it has signed and ratified the Peace Pact, would behave as a friendly neutral toward any other nation which, having signed the Peace Pact, should violate it. To many Europeans it seems a moral impossibility that the United States could maintain friendly neutrality toward a nation faithless and forsworn; but few Europeans understand the way in which a large number, probably the majority, of people in the United States look upon even so harmless a step as an American promise to consult with other nations should danger of war arise. They feel that one of the most cherished American traditions is at stake. The distinguished American writer on foreign affairs, Mr. Frank H. Simonds, telegraphing to the American *Review of Reviews* for April, says, for instance:—

> What is implied here is not an agreement to join in European coercion of the violator of the Kellogg Pact, but only to refrain from exercising our neutral rights to the profit of such a power. Before 1917—in the last war, that is, while we were neutral—such an agreement would in effect have bound us in honor not to attempt to trade with Germany; not to protest against the blockade; not, in fact, to do anything to handicap those powers which were engaged in war with the country whose invasion of Belgium constituted aggression. It is clear that any such pact, however, must constitute a complete break with our tradition of isolation in respect of Europe, although it finds a certain precedent in the Four-Power Pacific Treaty made in the Washington Conference.

On the other hand, a number of influential writers in the United States have been calling upon President Hoover to take a bold lead by inviting the naval powers to discuss ways and means of strengthening the Kellogg Pact; and an American correspondent sends me a copy of a letter which he wrote on March 20th to Senator Borah, the well-known chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate at Washington. The writer of this letter declares that public sentiment in the United States is in favor of the principle of the Kellogg Pact and of making it effective. As a means of making it effective he proposes that a third clause should be added to the Kellogg Pact obliging its signa-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tories to suspend all relations of every sort with any nation that violates the Pact, as soon as a conference of the signatory nations, to be called when any violation has been alleged, shall have decided that any nation has violated the Pact.

UNTIL something has been done to define the intentions of the United States, disarmament conferences are bound to be armament conferences. The financial and industrial importance of the United States is so great that if any nation, planning to make war, could be sure that the United States would continue, as a friendly neutral, to trade with it, to lend it money, and to sell it weapons and ammunition, it would be much less likely to give up its plan than if it were sure that the United States would not handicap, by friendly neutrality toward it, those other nations which would be obliged to treat it as an outlaw. But an authoritative declaration from Washington that no country ought to expect the United States to be a friendly neutral toward it, if it goes to war, would so strengthen the prospects of peace that the work of disarmament would become much easier.

This lesson has emerged so clearly from the London Conference that the people of the United States have begun to reflect upon it. Vaguely, too, they are beginning to see something which Mr. Frank H. Simonds also points out: 'We have been recognized as a world power, second to none on the naval side, and are invited to assume the prerogative and responsibilities of such an estate.' American reluctance to assume this prerogative and these responsibilities shows how hard it is even for a people that detests war really to think in terms of peace. Nations do not like to bind themselves in advance, or to promise to behave in this or that way in circumstances over which they may have no control. They wish to be free to judge a situation on its merits, and to act as their interests may suggest at the moment. They feel that their own intentions are good, but they are not quite sure that the intentions of others are or will be good. They do not perceive that each of the others thinks its own intentions good but feels just the same doubts about them as they feel about it. So each nation wishes to keep as free a hand as possible and to be strong enough to look after itself in case its doubts of the others should turn out to be justified. No nation relishes the idea that a pack of foreigners—and every nation is foreign to every other nation—shall have a right to decide what it itself shall do at a given moment. It wants to be the judge in its own case and to be free to act according to its judgment.

The chief difficulty in getting rid of the habit of thinking war, and in forming the habit of thinking peace, lies here. Whatever may be said about its so-called 'laws,' war is essentially lawless. It is the use of force

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by one community against another. It is ordeal by battle, not judgment by a tribunal administering recognized law. But, within civilized communities, peace is preserved on the principle that their members shall not use force in their disputes with other members. All are called upon to submit their differences to a court of law composed of other members. The history of civilization is very largely the history of the gradual prevalence of law over the claims of individuals to be their own judges and to use private force against their neighbors; and the most civilized peoples are those whose members do not need to be restrained from using force because they never think of using it. In a word, they think peace, not strife. The question whether peace among nations can be as firmly established as is peace among individuals within nations, is precisely the question whether nations can be brought or be taught to think peace, not war, and to appeal with confidence to an international court made up of a 'pack of foreigners' if anything goes seriously wrong.

ON THIS point the London Naval Conference has brought to light some very curious tendencies. Some advocates of Anglo-American friendship and coöperation have argued that Great Britain must henceforth be as neutral as the United States in regard to any complications that may arise in Europe. Others have insisted that, though Great Britain can accept complete naval equality with the United States, because an Anglo-American war is 'unthinkable,' she must adhere to the two-power standard and measure the strength of her navy by the combined strengths of the two most powerful European navies. Both of these arguments are really based on the thought of war, not on the thought of peace. The United States and the British Commonwealth of Nations could, perhaps, impose peace upon the world by some sort of 'Anglo-Saxon domination' such as the French press pretends to fear. The drawback of any such domination would be that it would tend to engender resistance; and, no matter how praiseworthy its object might be, to end by producing the very effects which it was designed to prevent. Besides, neither Great Britain nor the Dominions can be as neutral as the United States has hitherto been in regard to European complications without cutting adrift from the League and undoing one of the best things that has yet been done to enthrone the idea of law above the idea of individual force in the relations of communities with each other. Nor can Great Britain withdraw from the Locarno Treaty, by which she has promised to help France against Germany or Germany against France if either attacks the other, without destroying the whole security of Europe. Thus she cannot be as neutral as the United States is; she can only fulfill her obligations and hope that the United States will realize before long that its old conception of its own

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

neutrality was profoundly changed when it promoted and became a party to the Kellogg or Paris Peace Pact.

For similar reasons our old idea of a 'two-power standard' is out of keeping with our new policy of peace. If we show, by placing our trust in force, that we have little or no faith in the League and in the Peace Pact, we cannot expect others, whom we may look upon as less reasonable than ourselves, to have much faith in their and our solemn promises. We have a choice between two kinds of risk—the risk of war which is involved in any sort of armed rivalry, and the risk of being taken at a disadvantage if we limit our own armaments in accordance with our belief in the prospects of peace. Risk for risk, I prefer the risk inherent in a policy of peace, not only because this risk is likely to diminish progressively in proportion as we are ready to take it, but also because no naval or military experts can say what the 'next war,' of which they are always prating, would be like, or with what sort of weapons it would be fought.

So, from whatever angle we look upon the future, we are brought back to the need of learning to think peace. Since peace is international, thought about it must also be international. But international thinking is of two kinds. Nations may try to think of others besides themselves, and frame their policies in accordance with their thinking. Or nations may think individually, and try to adjust their individual thoughts to the individual thoughts of other nations at international conferences or the Assembly of the League. The former sort of international thinking is the better. It is like the thought of a gentleman who, even when he looks after his own rights and interests, takes account of the rights and interests of others, whereas the latter kind of thought is rather that of a churl who only thinks of others when he finds out the drawbacks of not doing so. Gentlemanly nations are needed to foster good international thought and to set a high standard of international manners; and it is here that some of the supposedly minor functions of the League of Nations come in.

IT IS TOO OFTEN SUPPOSED that the organization of peace is solely a political matter, that it concerns governments, statesmen, and diplomatists alone, and that ordinary folk can have little part or lot in it. This supposition is ill-founded. Except in one respect, it does not hold good even of the League of Nations itself, which is the principal agency for the organization of peace; and it is by no means certain that the League will be able, in the long run, to discharge its principal political function unless its minor functions are steadily developed. As the London Conference has shown, it is hard enough to limit naval armaments on the basis of the League Covenant, despite the strength-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ening of the Covenant by the Peace Pact. It is true that if the United States should make up its mind that it cannot behave as a friendly neutral toward any violator of the Peace Pact, one great obstacle to disarmament would disappear, and the outbreak of any serious war would become so unlikely that peace might, to all intents and purposes, be regarded as permanently established. Yet, even then, the work of the League of Nations would be only beginning. Its political functions might become less and less important, and what are now looked upon as its minor functions more and more important.

Among its ostensibly minor functions are the work of the International Labor Office; of the Committee on Communications and Transit; of the Health Organization; of the Committee on Intellectual Coöperation; of the Committees on Opium and Other Dangerous Drugs, Child Welfare, and the Codification of International Law. Of all these branches of the League, I look upon the Committee of Intellectual Coöperation and its first-born child, the International Institute of Intellectual Coöperation, as being potentially, but not yet actually, one of the most valuable. Though the Institute was not formally inaugurated until January, 1926—in a wing of the Palais Royal in Paris which the French Government placed at the League's disposal—the Committee began timidly to work in 1922. At the Second Assembly of the League in 1921, the Belgians suggested and the French supported the idea that something should be done to repair the ravages in intellectual life which the war had caused, and to evolve a better organization of international intellectual work. The idea was accepted, and a committee of prominent intellectual leaders, including Professor Bergson, Dr. Einstein, and Madame Curie, was appointed. They struggled for some years, making little headway against the skepticism of English-speaking countries, although Professor Gilbert Murray did his utmost to support them. At length, forty-four governments, including those of several countries which do not belong to the League, appointed official delegates to the Institute and thus gave it world-wide recognition. Nevertheless its work, which aims chiefly at coördinating, on international lines, the exchange of scientific and literary knowledge and ideas, has seemed to be barren and to be concerned rather with the externals than with the vital core of international thought.

The first task of a committee or institute for the coördination of international thought ought to be the formation of a general staff to work out a strategy of peace. In every well-organized military or naval general staff there is a group of men who think ahead and prepare plans for every conceivable emergency. A general peace staff would need to be quite as well organized and equipped. The National Committees which the Committee of Intellectual Coöperation has set up in various countries ought to include the most progressive and thought-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ful minds in those countries, and to maintain regular contact with headquarters in Paris and Geneva. The work of organizing peace is so new that serious mistakes will be made unless it is conducted with the utmost forethought and care. It is not enough to imagine that the idea of peace is, in itself, attractive enough to make its own way in the world. In point of fact, the idea of war has always been far more attractive to the great majority of human beings; and, when memories of the Great War have faded, it may become attractive again. Time is not necessarily on the side of the peacemakers, nor can they be sure of winning their race against time unless they plan an early offensive against their chief enemy—indifference. If men could be persuaded that peace will be as interesting, as thrilling, and, in many ways, as dangerous as war, the prospect of it would appeal to them far more strongly than it does. It needs to be explained not as the attainment of an eventless existence but as the beginning of a constructively revolutionary phase of human life.

THESE ideas are neither new nor original. Some of them were set forth years ago by one of the ablest and clearest British thinkers, Dr. L. P. Jacks, in a volume of essays called *Realities and Shams*. In it he wrote: 'To be worthy of the ideals which have called it into being, to be worthy even of its name, the League must concern itself directly with the things that give value, meaning, and dignity to human life. Save in so far as it is able to propose for the nations in concert some higher object than any single state has ever proposed for itself, the world has no use for it. Its true function is to give meaning to what has hitherto been the meaningless life of industrial civilization, to lift it out of the slough of its sordid motives, and to set it at last on the path of humane culture.'

And again: 'It is perhaps inevitable that the League of Nations should begin its existence on the political plane as an instrument designed for restraining the forces that hurt and destroy. . . . But though the way lies through politics, the goal is beyond them, and it is impossible that the start should be rightly made unless the goal is kept steadily in view. This is not merely to restrain the forces that make for war, but to do a far greater thing—*to liberate the forces that make for peace.* In all nations there are at this moment immense reserves of these forces, repressed or misdirected or unused, but waiting to be enlisted and combined for common achievement in the manifold arts, interests, and pursuits that give man his vocation on this planet. This work of liberation, enlistment, and redirection, conceived as a coöperative task on a world-wide basis, is the function of a League of Nations. To form it for any purpose less than this is to form it in vain.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'. . . Even as a keeper of the peace a League of Conquerors would not succeed. . . . While the peace-*keeper* pursues the negative object of preventing strife, the peace-*maker* has the positive aim of promoting fellowship. "Thou shalt not fight" is the motto of the one; "Thou shalt coöperate" is the motto of the other. . . . While, broadly speaking, all men and all nations desire to be at peace with one another, none of them desires *to be kept* at peace by the rest; or, more strictly speaking, while some are willing to play the part of peace-keepers to the others, all are unwilling that others should play the part of peace-keepers to them. . . . The great weakness of the propaganda for a League of Nations lies in the fact that it has seldom risen above the level of the peace-*keeping* conception. . . . We shall not greatly err if, for the time being, we dismiss political considerations from our minds and think of the League as an enterprise in international *education*, whose first business is to introduce the elements of mutual trust, understanding, and good will into the prevailing chaos of barbaric motives. . . . Four hundred years ago Europe was far more of a living unity than it has been since; and it owed its unity in no small measure to the splendid influence of the men who went forth into all lands from its international universities, where they had been educated as citizens of the world. The same thing might be repeated to-day on an immensely vaster scale. Nor would patriotism suffer the smallest loss. . . . We need a *League of Ideas* to furnish the League of Nations with aim, spirit, and form. . . . When the League of Nations becomes a living fact, perhaps it may turn out to be not a League of *Governments* at all.'

IT IS, roughly, on some such lines as these that I conceive an institute of intellectual coöperation, or a thinking general staff for the strategy of peace. Such a staff would need to busy itself betimes with the economic revolution that is being brought on by the rationalization of machine-governed industry, and with the tendency of nations to wage economic war against each other after having renounced political war. Even this task is immense. Generations, perhaps centuries, may be needed to perform it properly; but the whole quality of our civilization may depend upon its being performed. The keeping of political peace, accompanied by progressive disarmament, may be a preliminary to positive peacemaking; or, on the other hand, it may turn out that political peace cannot be more than precariously kept until the thoughts of men have been coördinated and directed into channels which 'practical' eyes regard to-day as Utopian. But one thing is certain: the loftiness of a great conception, however remote it may seem from the problems of the hour, has real value as a guide to their ultimate

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

solution. If the League of Nations, supported by the Peace Pact and by any sound devices for strengthening the Peace Pact, can become the international organ and headquarters of a crusade for the enrichment of the quality of human life, of a revolution against cupidity, ugliness, and squalor, a redemptive and not merely a preventive enterprise, it may teach men and nations to feel and to think as a team, and to create guarantees of peace far more effectual than those which any negative propaganda or organization against war can provide.

This is, as I read it, the main lesson of the London Naval Conference—it has demonstrated the necessity for determined and hard-thinking effort to raise the whole problem of peace on to a higher level, and to find for it a progressive and dynamic instead of a stationary and static solution.

With Admiral Byrd just returning from the South Pole, the ownership of the Antarctic continent becomes a living issue—possibly a dangerous one. Here is a timely British plea for magnanimity.

The Grab for ANTARCTICA

By A BRITISH EDITOR

From the *Week-end Review*
London Conservative Weekly

THE FAMILIAR IMPERIALIST expansion movement of the nineteenth century, which culminated in the 'grab for Africa,' has its counterpart at the present time. In fact, future historians seem likely to have to seek toward the Poles, during the two post-War decades, the final manifestation of that impulse to explore, rescue, and exploit new lands which first showed itself in Europe during the Crusades.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The disappearance of the last secrets of geography neatly coincides with the decline of that irresistible thrust of Latin and Nordic populations which has caused them to disappear. In Sir Hubert Wilkins and Admiral Byrd and the merchant adventurers of the *Norvegia* we recognize the reincarnations of such dim figures as Bohemund and Tancred and the Genoese-Venetian magnates who looked after the business side of the campaigns in the Holy Land.

The spate of dispatches has swamped any clear conceptions that were ever obtainable of the significance of recent activities in the Antarctic. In order to understand them, even partially, it is necessary to know something of the recent policy of the states concerned. First of all, Norway. In the Arctic Norway has got Spitsbergen (or Svalbard, as she calls it) with the consent of the powers, and she has also taken Jan Mayen. She has tried, so far without success, to lay claim to large tracts of East Greenland from Denmark in much the same way as she has recently, with the consent of the Foreign Office, registered her ownership of the obscure British possession known as Bouvet Island in the South Atlantic. Last year with the *Norvegia*, backed by an impressive organization of depot ships from the southern whaling fleet, she took an effective part in the competition for land on the Antarctic continent.

Germany, although she has very creditably shown her flag on the research ship, *Meteor*, in this region, has keep out of the actual struggle, like Italy (after her recent Arctic fiasco) and France. The remaining competitors are the United States and ourselves. How seriously Washington is taking it is evident from many signs, among them the repudiation of Byrd's remark in New Zealand that he had not gone to claim territory, his promotion to Rear Admiral, and the recent admission of his films, free of customs duty, to America on the ground that they were not goods imported from a foreign country. While the vague British theory that we own the whole Antarctic continent has not yet been disproved, other governments, in spite of being prompted, have ostentatiously failed to subscribe to it.

IN VIEW of the doctrines of nonusage which were successfully invented to cover the Norwegian annexation of Bouvet, recent British activity in the Antarctic has been satisfactory. It is true that Sir Hubert Wilkins (not alone among our explorers) has to depend principally upon American backing, while Sir Douglas Mawson, in spite of the loan of the *Discovery*, is now so badly stranded that his work is in serious danger of being abandoned for lack of funds. Bankruptcy, after all, is among the great traditions of British exploration (which are to be commemorated at the Polar exhibition in July). The important thing is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that, in spite of the nature of British support, the British representatives have made quite a creditable display. The protracted researches of the *Discovery* committee, which have received recognition in the ordinary daily press (principally through an astoundingly ill-informed full-page attack on them), must also contribute substantially to our prestige in the Southern Hemisphere.

The objects of these three efforts must not be confused. Mawson is conducting something like an old-fashioned Arctic expedition, with a modern scientific staff, although tied down by strict orders which forced him to turn back at an arbitrary degree of longitude, just when things were becoming interesting. Wilkins aims at establishing a network of meteorological stations, and by his successful reconnaissances last season has stolen a march upon Nansen's international 'Aëroarctic' organization which proposes to do something of the same sort in the high North with the help of the *Graf Zeppelin*, and which has had to postpone operations until next year. The *Discovery* committee is attempting to find out something about the life history of whales before the unrestricted exploitation of a handful of capitalists has made it a matter of purely antiquarian interest.

Antarctica is the last of the happy hunting grounds where no government exists, and its survival as such is a matter of a few years at most. Competition among explorers is rapidly passing into the economic and political phases; a clash of interests between the governments of at any rate Great Britain, the United States, Australia, and Norway can hardly be postponed much longer. Of these Australia has vital strategic interests at stake while Norway has powerful economic ones, the other two states being involved from the standpoint of potential resources and prestige. Unfortunately, the problem shows every sign of working itself out on the notorious models of nineteenth-century imperialism. There is the same lack of candor, and the same manifest drift toward serious friction over a distant and dubiously important territory which no one has any excuse for quarreling about. Although these territories are remote the potential causes of friction are considerable. We have even seen over Bouvet Island, or in the Arctic over Stefansson's enterprising but unsuccessful pounce on the Soviet possession of Wrangel Island, the episodes of Fashoda and the Jameson Raid repeat themselves under the eyes of the League of Nations.

IT IS surely time to face the position that the United States and Great Britain, who have just managed to agree completely about their vital naval interests, are doing nothing to prevent a clash of rival imperalisms in a region to which neither has any very convincing claim. Is Antarctica worth the damage which will be done by letting things come to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a head? It has a certain nuisance value for our three southern dominions if it should fall into hostile hands, and a certain exploitation value for the Norwegians during the years left before their factory ships have exhausted the animal capital on which they are still profitably subsisting.

Its further usefulness is still most problematical. The sooner the countries concerned are made to lay their cards on the table, the better for the peace of the world. If no one is going to be sufficiently stupid to fight for Antarctica, it is clear that more than one state is prepared to bluff over it. Before regrettable and absurd disputes can arise over imaginary boundaries the whole question should be referred to the League of Nations, or, if that would be unwelcome in America, to a special conference which should make a mandate of the whole region.

Such a mandate should be given to some small, capable power not controversially involved. Denmark, whose government of Greenland is a model to the world, would make an excellent mandatory if she could assume the burden; alternatively, various neighbors like New Zealand and Chile have claims to be considered. The important thing is that Antarctica should not be left to be dismembered, with lingering ill-feeling, by an obsolete diplomacy. It should be made a mandate, under strict conditions protecting it from obvious abuse, and so long as the mandate were fairly administered not one of the powers now entering the scuffle would have reasonable ground for complaint.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Writing direct from India, a widely traveled German journalist with no axe to grind shows why the removal of British rule would surely spell disaster.

Things Seen in INDIA

By COLIN ROSS

Translated from the *Vossische Zeitung*
Berlin Liberal Daily

THE NATIONALISTS AND SWARAJISTS, the lawyers, labor leaders, journalists, and politicians who compose one million of India's three hundred and twenty million inhabitants, and who speak English and have received a more or less European education, all agree that foreign rule is to blame for their country's troubles. As one goes through the narrow, dirty streets of any Indian city, with misery, filth, and endless poverty swarming on all sides, one's native guide invariably says, 'Of course we are poor, we can't be anything else, the way the English bleed us.' Visit a typical Indian village. It either has no school at all or else a very poor one, and ninety per cent of its inhabitants are illiterate. 'How can it be otherwise?' repeats our guide. 'All the taxes go to the high-paid British soldiers and to the officials; nothing is left to provide the people with education and justice.' Or suppose you happen to witness one of the numerous riots between Hindus and Moslems. 'We should live in peace,' the native again assures us, 'if the Englishmen were not kindling religious hostility and playing one group off against the other.'

All this sounds very illuminating and the natural conclusion ought to be that India must be independent before conditions can be improved. The air is therefore filled with demands for dominion status or complete independence, and immediate action is being urged. Newspapers are full of such appeals and so are the parliamentary debates and the conversations of individuals. All India seems to be united in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this demand, but we tend to forget that we are hearing the voices of only one million out of India's three hundred and twenty million inhabitants. This one million is articulate; the three hundred and nineteen millions are dumb, at least as far as foreigners are concerned. Even if one knows Hindustani it is not of much use since twenty languages and two hundred and twenty dialects are spoken throughout the country.

India is still quiet and firmly held down by the British because only a small part of even these million agitators are ready to fight and die for their country's freedom. As for the remaining three hundred and nineteen millions, they would be satisfied under almost any rule. It would, however, be a mistake to conclude that the British government will not eventually find itself in trouble. As soon as any thought has been formulated and expressed, it becomes dangerous and generally does not rest until it has taken material form. The idea of a free India is a hypothesis that will work itself out of its own accord. Yet, as I have pointed out in my previous dispatches, if England loses India it will only be because she has first made up her mind to do so.

MOST of us Germans look upon the English as a selfish, utilitarian people, a nation of hypocrites who utter high-sounding phrases about unity and justice while their minds are on business and profits. But the longer I live and travel in English countries the more I am convinced that the Englishman is much more sentimental than we imagine. He really believes in a good many of the phrases that fall from his lips. Of course there is a certain amount of cant in what he says, but it is impossible to indulge in cant without being affected by it. One cannot play the rôle of public benefactor and liberator without being influenced by this rôle. One cannot keep talking about the white man's burden and still think of nothing but profits. In short, the Englishman has been modified by his own cant.

There is no place where this condition is more clearly revealed than in India. Just as soon as the Englishman began saying that India would some day become a self-governing dominion, the cause of India's freedom made a tremendous advance, a much greater advance than the English could possibly desire. And it now appears that they cannot withdraw, that they are being carried on toward a fate that actually had no likelihood of being realized until they articulated it themselves.

Almost everyone in India believes that the viceroy and the high officials in the Indian Civil Service are enthroned like demigods far above the common people and that they live on a plane infinitely remote from the daily lives and activities of the ordinary Indian. But the Indian parliament in Delhi stands close to the viceroy's palace and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the two monumental secretariats, and the parliamentary disputes and the polemics of the native press have become the daily bread of the viceroy and his staff. Thus the English officials are subjected to a double influence, for the same arguments that Indian politicians use in demanding immediate dominion status are at once thrown in the faces of the British authorities in India by a section of the British press and of the British parliament. The British police in India, which was perhaps the only department that consistently opposed all manifestations of Indian independence, has done what it can. Its secret agents, for instance, prevented the latest group of British M.P.'s from coming in contact with the people. But, in the long run, neither the British police nor the British army can save India for England, unless the will of the whole British people can be altered.

It is impossible to say how much England is to blame for the poverty, ignorance, and religious strife in India. There is no doubt that during the last century England's eagerness for profits, its destruction of the Indian textile industry so that Lancashire could get the business, and its political and religious intrigues brought misery to India. On the other hand, Great Britain has brought India immense benefits, and the *Pax Britannica* has given India great material advantages in the form of railways, water supplies, hygienic improvements, and medical care.

But this is as it may be; in any event, the slogan 'England is to blame' is a dangerous fallacy, dangerous above all to India itself. By promoting this fallacy the whole problem will be falsified from the start, for the substitution of national government for foreign control will not alter the situation. The real question is how to transform India's mediæval economic system and her ancient social system into modern forms. Nor is this all. The entire population of a vast continent has been living and thinking for many thousands of years in forms utterly different from our own, and these people are now being urged to take over our system entire. Because India has developed a culture utterly different from ours this problem is much more difficult and dangerous than the problem of introducing African savages or Australian bushmen to European civilization. If the British government gives way to a national government the Indian problem will not be ended. It will only have begun.

WE ARE living in an utterly irreligious period, but the impossibility of religious warfare does not arise from any increase of religious tolerance so much as from a growing religious indifference. Nor is this indifference confined to Europe. It also exists in America and Africa and in those parts of Asia that are purely Buddhist or Mohammedan.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There is, however, one country where religion still plays the same rôle that it did in Europe during the Middle Ages, and that is Hindu India. Even men who go to church every Sunday or attend daily mass—and there are not many of these left in Western countries—would be astounded at the religiousness of India, which is on an entirely different plane from the mere churchliness of Europe. To the believing Hindus religion embodies the whole of life. It permeates everything. Not only are births, weddings, and funerals sacramental occasions, but religion penetrates every corner of their daily activities. This profound feeling is by no means confined to any one part of the population; all the Hindus share it, even those with a European education. Try to imagine the religious conviction of a man who, in spite of this education and with a full knowledge of European hygiene, will bathe in the River Ganges at Benares with ten thousand people, many of whom are suffering from the most horrible contagious diseases. Not only do they bathe in this filthy river into which half-decayed corpses are thrown at all hours of the day and night, but they douse themselves thoroughly, drinking its waters as they do so. One must visit Benares to know what real religion means.

It is India's misfortune that the profoundly religious Hindu must live side by side with the exponent of another religious faith that is as different as fire is from water. I have asserted that religious tolerance now extends to Mohammedan countries, but it has made less progress in India than it has in Persia, Afghanistan, Morocco, or other purely Mohammedan states because in India the Mohammedan is in a minority. Only one-fifth of the three hundred and twenty million inhabitants of India are Mohammedans. The religious zeal and fanaticism of the Hindu stimulate similar outbursts among the Mohammedans and these religious conflicts are sharpened by political and economic differences. Every Indian Nationalist will assert on all possible occasions that the religious difficulties of his country are entirely due to the English, a statement that has some foundation in fact. In the first place, in the Indian States, where native princes rule, religious conflicts occur much less frequently than they do in British India, and, in the second place, the situation has grown worse in the past ten years. One must, however, remember, that in the Indian States the old saying, *cuius regio, eius religio*, still holds true and religious minorities get far less consideration there than they do under the less autocratic rule of the British. As for the increase of religious riots during the past ten years, that condition is just as unfavorable to the Nationalists as it is to the British, for in these ten years British authority has been steadily weakening and turning over more of its responsibilities to the native leaders. It is only natural that England should profit from the conflict between Indians and Mohammedans and that it should base its power to some extent

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on this conflict. Indeed, that is almost its duty. On the other hand, it is to England's interest not to let this conflict grow too intense and, especially, to hinder bloodshed.

IF GREAT BRITAIN were to vanish from the scene the one impartial judge of this dispute would disappear. No one would be present to stop a religious war that could only end in the complete subjection of one religious group. But again the Nationalists will reply that such a danger is entirely the result of British intrigue. I feel, however, that the Indian intellectuals are going to find themselves as sadly mistaken on this point as on many others. It is only necessary to have felt the strength of religious sentiment in India and to have seen with one's own eyes the different places where these two sects worship to recognize that there is no bridge between such fundamentally opposite faiths as Hinduism and Islam. The Mohammedan mosques in India are the purest expressions of belief in a single god. The Pearl Mosque in Agra and the Jama Masjid in Delhi are the most spiritual monuments to monotheism in the whole world. Every Friday their marble halls are filled with thousands and tens of thousands of people in silent prayer. Compare with these splendid places of divine worship the Hindu temples, that look as if they belonged to some cult of the Devil. Covered over with millions of grotesque figures, many of them in obscene attitudes, these temples are filled inside with statues of animals, holy cows and apes, placed here and there among the worshipers. The music is loud and monotonous and the whole cult impresses the deeply monotheistic Mohammedan as the most disgusting, profane form of service imaginable.

A skillful and very strong hand is needed to play these two opposing parties off against each other and to prevent them from falling into mortal conflict. If this hand is removed our irreligious epoch may well witness a bitter religious war, and sixty-five million Mohammedans may well look forward to being hopelessly suppressed in an independent India by some two hundred and fifty million Hindus.

THERE is no Indian nation and there is no Indian people. Both are figments of our imagination. The European abroad encounters a similar misconception. Here in India, for instance, I am referred to as a European as if that expression described the country of my origin, whereas in Europe the term is purely general. For neither Europe nor India is a national entity. They are both peninsular subcontinents of the great Eurasian mother continent. One must keep this fact in mind in order to avoid false conceptions of the present situation in India.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One must learn to remember, in the first place, that Europe resembles India. The two are of equal size and contain about the same number of inhabitants. They are also very similar in respect to the number and variety of nations, races, peoples, religions, and languages that make them up, though India is composed of a rather more brilliant mixture than Europe.

If one travels from the southern extremity of the Deccan to the foothills of the Himalayas one encounters people of every color, from the deepest black to the palest yellow, people of all religions, cultures, and civilizations. This journey is alone enough to make one understand that there is no such thing as 'India' in the usual sense of the word. This 'India' as a single conception is a British creation, and even the idea of it would not exist if it were not for the fact that English is spoken throughout this entire subcontinent. Because English law, English money, English police, and English speech all exist throughout India the fiction has arisen that India can be regarded as a geographic unit. If an Indian from Madras meets an Indian from Calcutta he must speak English to make himself understood. If it were not for the English language the Indian Nationalists would have no way of exchanging ideas.

Although one cannot compare India with any European country, there is a parallel between India and Pan-Europe. The only difference is that whereas Pan-Europe is a remote ideal, Pan-India is already a reality. But Pan-India does not resemble the Pan-Europe that Count Coudenhove-Kalergi is striving for. It is more like the Roman Empire or the way Europe would have been in the thirteenth century if the Mongol invasion had not been repulsed and if Europe had been turned into a province of the Mongolian empire. Pan-India needs strong foreign control to hold its quarrelsome national factions together just as the Italians, Gauls, Greeks, and Africans of the Roman Empire had to be kept in subjection by the Roman legions. And, just as the Roman Empire disintegrated when the Romans grew weary of ruling, so will India disintegrate when the British reach the same state of mind.

Not only will religious warfare threaten India if the English leave the country, but national wars are certain to break out between all the different nations and races. Furthermore, the religious differences will be sharpened by national differences and the outbreaks will be all the more bloody for that reason. The English troops stationed along the constantly agitated northwestern frontier are strong enough to prevent trouble in that quarter, though only two years ago some mountain tribes of Afghans attacked Peshawar and were repulsed by British flying squadrons. Such matters do not appear in the newspapers. We hear nothing about them in Europe and perhaps the news does not even reach Calcutta or Bombay, and, because such things are not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

generally known, demands for the withdrawal of the English continue to circulate.

I MUST admit that I personally have no great opinion of the aggressive power of modern Mohammedans, but in traveling through India I gradually became inoculated with the doctrine that the remote mountains between Baluchistan and the Pamirs may contain the germs of bloodshed. The Afghans, which is the name that all these mountain tribes are called by, are born warriors who do nothing but fight and rob, whereas the Hindus have not done any fighting for the past one hundred and fifty years. Those elements in India that are used to bearing arms and delight in doing so would almost all of them welcome an attack from Afghanistan and would at once join forces with the invaders. For the Mohammedans beyond the Indian frontier are much more like the Indian Moslems than the Hindus are. The one chance that the Indian Mohammedans enjoy of prevailing against the Hindu majority would be to summon their fellow believers beyond the frontier to execute an attack. Furthermore, the Indian Mohammedans have by no means forgotten the time when they were the rulers of the country and the Hindus were their slaves.

Behind Afghanistan stands the Soviet Union, which has strong ties with a number of Mohammedan nations, Turkestan, the Uzbek Republic, Bokhara, and Azerbaijan. Perhaps it would be to the interest of the Soviets to identify themselves with Mohammedan aspirations in India.

But the Khyber Pass leading from Afghanistan to India is not the only path that invaders have taken; they have also entered the country by way of the Himalayas. Perhaps the Mongols will again turn their attention to India, for no one knows what may come out of China. In any case, a new and stronger China may just as well expand toward the south as toward the north. Of course, a nationally united India would easily be able to ward off all foreign attacks, but this point has not yet been reached. It does not take any great prophet to foretell that an independent India would fall to pieces very soon indeed and would presently become the scene of civil war and would fall victim to dictators and foreign invaders. Anyone who has doubts on this score need only look at China. The Chinese are a united people, but there are profound differences between the southern and the northern Chinese and they can no more understand each other than northern and southern Indians can. And although China possessed in its written language, in its culture, and its ethics the means to keep itself together and to bind its various members into a single whole, the country fell apart when the old Manchu imperial dynasty collapsed. China's fate awaits India.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Claudel Turns to Opera

PAUL CLAUDEL, poet, essayist, playwright, and, incidentally, French ambassador at Washington, has now tried his hand at opera, Darius Milhaud having written the music and he the words of a piece called *Christophe Colomb* which recently had its première at the Staatsoper in Berlin. The figure of Columbus has fascinated the minds of men for centuries, yet M. Claudel has introduced some innovations to a time-honored theme. Believing that stationary stage settings form an unpleasant contrast to the continuous flow of words and music, Claudel devised the novel expedient of using scenery only for the foreground, the background being supplied by motion pictures. Here are his own views on the subject, as they appeared in *Le Figaro:*—

I have been struck by the drawbacks of fixed and immovable scenery. Everyone has observed how fixed scenery, once the first effect has worn off, fatigues and rebuffs the eye and tends to destroy rather than to increase the poetic illusion. Nowadays, however, a new resource is open to the stage director. Why not use the cinema? Why not think of scenery as a simple frame, a foreground behind which lies an open road to memory, revery, and imagination? While a flood of music, action, and poetry entrances the soul of the spectator, why make him look at scenery depicting a conventional landscape? Why not use the screen as a kind of projection of thought, where shadowy suggestions, now confused, now clearly drawn, pass by, mingling and separating again? Why not open the door of that troubled world where idea is born of sensation? Why not use the infinitely delicate play of shadows to express the finest nuances of emotion, of memory, and of thought? Movements, meanings, forms, and appearances constantly dissolved and renewed—these are the essence of the cinema, and the essence of music, too. The art and the science of the moving picture have progressed so far in Germany that I should have felt guilty at not suggesting this measure to my Berlin interpreters.

Instead of constructing an arbitrary plot culminating in the discovery of America, M. Claudel attempted the more difficult task of dramatizing the hero's life and at the same time showing the impression he made both on his contemporaries and on posterity. This task of interpreting the ideas and emotions that the great discoverer has produced in the mind of mankind through four centuries he assigned to the chorus, which has an unusually difficult part and is so large that the stage had to be extended on either side of the orchestra pit.

The whole drama is Christopher Columbus as he is seen in the course of some twenty episodes, at the mercy of his sublime vocation and playing to a house sometimes indifferent and sometimes keenly interested, sometimes hostile and sometimes enthusiastic, from the sombre doubts and bitter disputes of the opening scene to the glory of the final 'Alleluia' roared forth by generations of humanity.

That is what I call the chorus. It is not the chorus of classical drama, or rather it is that chorus as it was incorporated into the Church after the triumph of Christianity and used as intermediary between the priest and the people. Between the silent crowd and the drama taking place on the stage the voice of an official interpreter is needed.

One sees Christopher Columbus as he lies dying in the inn of Valladolid and, at this moment when all his past is being reënacted before his eyes, he plays two rôles, and becomes the spectator and judge of his own epic. There is the dove, symbol of the Holy Ghost,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

crossing the sea to Genoa to place in the hands of a visionary child its palpitating message. There is he who sailed to the Azores and to the end of the earth receiving broken confidences from beyond the sea and beyond the grave. There is the hero struggling against creditors, courtiers, and mockers. There is the captain putting down rebellion, and there is the hour of passion. There is the bickering and fault-finding of petty spirits, and there is the Discoverer of the Globe chained to the mast of his ship, buffeted by the rage of men and the fury of the elements. There is the immense ingratitude of the whole world, with the exception of a single woman. There is death approaching and the dove finally escaping, as in the days of the Flood, bearing a bough plucked from this newly emerged world to the bosom of the All-Powerful.

But all this does not take place in empty space. Every voice, every word, every action calls forth an echo, a response; it causes immediate or distant reactions on all sides. In my opera the chorus plays almost the same part that the newspaper press does when it records the enormous outbursts of opinions and discussion that follow an important happening, a new discovery, or the proclamation of a statesman.

To construct an opera on such lines must be a man-sized job for even the most talented of writers, but that M. Claudel did not intend to deprive his musical collaborator of his fair share of the labor seems proved by his following description of the function of music in opera:—

The glory of Richard Wagner was to have understood that all sound, from words to song, is bound together by subtle ties and that music is inherent in all things, whether it is confined to mere rhythm or whether it lends the color of different tone qualities and finally carries one away in a plenitude of orchestra and song. Wagner's mistake was not to have created a transition between reality and the lyric state, to have placed the drama at once, through the enchantment of a harmony of tones, in a kind of narcotic atmosphere where everything happens as if in a dream.

Milhaud and myself, on the contrary, have tried to show how the soul approaches music by slow degrees, how phrase springs from rhythm, flame from fire, melody from speech, poetry from the crudest reality, and how all means of audible expression, from the simple rhythm of speech to the pouring forth of all vocal and orchestral wealth, is united in a single flood of varied and continuous sound. We have tried to show music not only in its completed form but in a nascent state, just as it springs, bit by bit, from strong and profound emotion.

Rupert Brooke, Socialist

THE PROPOSAL to raise a monument to Rupert Brooke on the island of Skyros where he died has led the Labor press of Great Britain to demand that some acknowledgment be made of the dead poet's Socialist views. Godfrey Elton, a fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, who stood for Parliament as a Labor candidate at the last general election, describes the radical sympathies that Brooke used to express. In Rugby he had made himself conspicuous by supporting the Labor Party, and that was an even less popular course to take twenty years ago than it would be to-day. In Cambridge, Brooke became President of the University Fabian Society, having come to Socialism, as William Morris did, through the world of art. Mr. Elton recalls an early meeting with Brooke as follows:—

I well remember him reading a paper on 'The Artist under Socialism' as a visitor to a small school literary society at Rugby in 1911. It was a gorgeous evening at the end of my last summer term. The meeting was in a garden, and Brooke, in an old gray flannel suit, with his mop of golden hair—he was already a celebrity—made an abiding impression on some of us. I remember noticing a master who was a captain in the school cadet corps, which was about to go into camp, stealthily leaving the garden as Brooke began. His hair was cropped close in true military

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fashion, and he seemed the very antithesis of the radiant, long-haired young poet. But it was the poet who fell in the War; the militarist survives.

I think my own Socialism really dates from that meeting. Poets and artists matter supremely, Brooke told us, and the great society which was to come would surely look after them as commercialism had never done, for he declined to believe that you improved an artist by starving him. I have sometimes wondered what he would have thought of Socialism to-day. 'Must every cause lose part of its ideal as it becomes successful?' he wrote in a letter of 1907. 'I have already . . . got some faith in the real, sometimes overgrown, goodness of all men . . . and this faith I have tried to hammer into those Socialists of my generation whom I have come across.'

Nor was his Socialism merely academic. On one occasion he set out with a friend in a disreputable caravan on a tour of the south coast towns to popularize the Minority Report on the Poor Law, a typically quixotic mission for a poet. Bournemouth alone, it is recorded, the friends avoided, driving through it at top speed, bareheaded and barefooted, lest they should be seen by a Tory aunt who dwelt there!

And not long before the War, on his travels in New Zealand, he wrote to his mother about the Dublin strike. 'I feel wild about Dublin. I always feel in strikes that "the men are always right," as a man says in *Clayhanger* . . . I do hope people are contributing for the wives and children in Dublin. Could you send two guineas in my name? I'll settle when I get back. But I'd like it done immediately.'

Rupert Brooke was essentially a joyous creature, liked and admired by all who knew him, living rapturously and to the full; and it was out of his joyousness and his many-sidedness that his Socialism proceeded. He did not live into the years when he might have even played some part in the movement. But we ought not to forget that he was one of us.

Japanese Election Ballads

POETRY, WHICH IS SUPPOSED to have played so important a part in the life of old Japan, still asserts itself at election time. In the recent contest between the Minseito and Seiyukai groups the rival candidates would frequently set forth in verse their own merits and the shortcomings of their opponents. Here, for instance, is what two gentlemen called Saito and Den, residents of the province of Tajima, had to say for themselves:—

Tohyo suru nara Saito ka Den ka,
Seiyukai kataseba kuni midasu.
(Vote for Mr. Saito or for Mr. Den!
Woe to the nation, if the Seiyukai wins.)
Tsukuri keiki de shakkin fuyashi,
Kuni wo horobosu Seiyukai.
(By feigned boom and by mounting debts,
Does the Seiyukai cause national ruin.)

The Seiyukai group, however, came right back at them with this cogent appeal:—

Mayu wa sagarushi kome mugi geraku,
Agete sagenu wa zei bakari.
(The price of cocoons falls, and so do rice and barley,
Taxes are the only thing that never comes down.)
Kiyoki ippyo dochira ni ireyo ka,
Keiki naoshi no Seiyukai ye.
(For which side shall I cast my vote?
For the Seiyukai shall I vote to improve business.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A brilliant young professor and pamphleteer of strong Laborite sympathies dissects and discusses three outstanding members of the House of Commons.

Snowden, Baldwin, *and* Lady Astor

By HAROLD J. LASKI

From the *Daily Herald*
London Labor Daily

I. PHILIP SNOWDEN

FROM THE DAY he entered the House of Commons, now nearly a quarter of a century ago, Mr. Snowden has impressed the House. The clear, blue eyes, the tightly compressed lips, the minatory forefinger, all betoken the man of character. And it is, above all, as the man of character that Philip Snowden has made his mark. No one has ever doubted that he means what he says. No one, either, has ever been in doubt as to what he means. His intelligence is crystal-clear. When he has grasped a subject, he develops convictions about it; and when he has developed convictions, the integrity with which they are held is rocklike in its immovability. He always knows what he thinks, and he does not move from the position he defends. You may dislike his principles; but you can never deny the passion with which he holds them.

To understand him, one must grasp both the nature of his early experience and the fact that he is a Yorkshire man. From the first comes his body of doctrine, from the second his character and temperament. It was the grim hardness of those early years that made him the particular kind of Socialist he is. There was born his sense that waste and laziness are literally indefensible, his hatred of a privilege that is unjustified by service. Mr. Snowden is not a Socialist as Marx or Lenin understood Socialism. He does not like revolution, nor does he accept the class war. His Socialism is a moral creed, begotten of a hatred of a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

system in which there is no relation between the gain of life and its toil. He deeply respects work and achievement. Work, for him, means effort, self-sacrifice, renunciation. He has no sense of life as pleasurable. I do not think he has ever found it easy to relax. This world of ours is, for him, a world that must be changed because it inflicts pain unnecessarily, because it apportions reward without relation to effort, because there is waste in it, and friction, all by the law of its being. His Socialism means plan, organization, justice. Whatever achieves that end, whether it be nationalization, the public corporation, or the controlled private company, he will accept as accordant with his doctrine. He does not hate the rich as such. What he loathes are the idle rich and the privileged rich. What he seeks to do is by the use of the lever of taxation deliberately to destroy their unnecessary impact upon society.

His Yorkshire quality comes out in everything he does. It is plain in his blunt directness, his shrewd common sense, his immeasurable obstinacy. He deals with political questions as his county plays at cricket. He works to win. He does not think of the graces of the game, the fascination of the exercise of the art, the æsthetic quality in its clash of personality, the sheer glamour of its strategic interplay. He simply wants to realize his objective, and that by the direct road. Like the Yorkshire man, he does not easily give you his confidence or seek to win you. Like the Yorkshire man, also, his enemy must be given no quarter. He has Yorkshire reserve, Yorkshire energy, the Yorkshire gift of incisive statement that leaves no doubt of his meaning. There is no mystery in Philip Snowden, even though there is reserve. There is aloofness, but not apartness. He is shy, but what he is no one can mistake. No one, either, can fail to know what he wants. For he puts forward his desire in sharp, definite form, and everyone can see that he moves directly to the goal.

IN A way that is important, I should regard Mr. Snowden as the typical Englishman at his best. He is typically English in his strong but limited intelligence. He sees deeply and clearly into what he sees; he does not see widely because he is not strongly imaginative. There is nothing in him of hesitation or skepticism. When he makes up his mind, he does not budge from his position. He sees things immediately in clear black or clear white. He has no sympathy for, or understanding of, the romantic temperament, or the dreamer of vague dreams. He lives decisively in a grim and actual world, in which superb hypotheses are killed by the ugliness of immediate reality. He has no mental hinterland, no interest in pure speculation from any impulse of idle curiosity. He has delicacy, compassion, a tenderness superbly reflected in an exquisite smile. But I think of him as English in the same sense that Dr.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Johnson, or Jane Austen, or Dickens was English. Other peoples may appreciate them; but only ourselves can really appreciate the full savor of their quality.

Mr. Snowden is a good Socialist and a good internationalist. But here it is necessary carefully to distinguish. In him both of them are compatible with a real vein of conservatism which neither friends nor opponents find it wholly easy to understand. His Socialism has in it a strong vein of Puritanism, even of the Calvinist temper, which makes him stress duties no less than rights. Where Maxton, for instance, or Wheatley sees angrily what is denied to Labor, and affirms its rights with passion, the Calvinist in Snowden makes him insist on what it owes to society in return for those rights. Let it work hard, save grimly, cultivate self-help and renunciation. It is this which makes him the incarnation of Gladstonian finance and free trade.

The skilled worker who is respected by his employer, who owns his own house, who passes by the 'pub' in the evening, who would die rather than ask for charity, who makes up each night by reading what education the state has denied him—this is the type, a clearly Yorkshire type, for which he has been fighting all his life. Make his virtues national in scope; build the society in which he has maximum opportunity; destroy, in orderly and coherent fashion, the barriers in the way of his achievements; there you have the England that Snowden is concerned to make. It is easy to understand why tradition in such a temperament corrects any glamour more catastrophic doctrine may proclaim. Here is the solid Roundhead, who, with Cromwell, asked for certain 'fundamentals,' and was a radical reformer because he was confident in his own destiny.

Mr. Snowden is the conservative revolutionary—the Ireton of the twentieth century. He is, too, a genuine internationalist; that was proved by the War. He denounced its origins, he denounced its tragic outcome. He stood for a just peace, for the rights of conscience, against the costly bitterness of the knock-out blow. It is true to say of him that he is a pacifist to the root of his being. But Snowden the internationalist is also Snowden of the Hague. He is an Englishman to the core of his being. When, as he thinks, he sees England being cheated of her due right, he will fight her critics whatever the consequences. Indeed, there is a sense in which he means by internationalism the privilege, for a foreign people, of keeping step with the principles of English radicalism.

He does not compromise; I am almost tempted to say that he does not even seek to understand. He cannot pool his mind, penetrate the inner being of an opponent, work with endless patience to meet and wear down an opponent's objections, like Mr. MacDonald or Mr. Henderson. The facts give him a principle; and he goes out to do battle for a principle like a prophet of old. It enabled him, of course, to come

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

back from the Hague like Wellington from Waterloo; if not to the dukedom, at least to the freedom of the city. But it is worth while noting that, if he was the Wellington of the Hague, Mr. Henderson was certainly the Blücher. And it is not impossible that Blücher was in the very nick of time.

Mr. Snowden has made himself, in the last five years, a genuinely national figure; respect for him has become part of British self-respect. His solidity and his integrity are great qualities, particularly in an hour of crisis. He has, indeed, dangers to confront. Principles may not be subject, as Sieyès said, to the law of change; but a changing world renders necessary a perpetual reëxamination of first principles. It is not, in fact, a sin to change one's mind; and it is possible to express sympathy for those who are angrily impatient with the endless suffering of the poor. It is essential to remember that a left-wing critic is not necessarily an opponent, that, on occasion, judicious effort has made of a critic a friend. But those of us who remember the birth pangs of Labor as a great national party think, above all, of the great debt we owe to Philip Snowden. In season and out of season, he has proclaimed a great message in a great way. He may not have brought us to the promised land. At least he has given us a Pisgah sight of Palestine.

II. Stanley Baldwin

NO POLITICIAN since the younger Pitt has served a shorter apprenticeship to high office than Mr. Baldwin; as recently as 1918 he was still hardly a name to the mass of Englishmen. Something like accident elevated him to the Cabinet; a real care for principle made him a chief instrument in the overthrow of Mr. Lloyd George; the sudden illness of Mr. Bonar Law and the fact that Lord Curzon was a peer gave him the unexpected reversion to the leadership. He is not, by any means, the ablest man in his party. Mr. Churchill far excels him in brilliance and industry. Mr. Neville Chamberlain has greater knowledge and far more capacity for analyzing a problem.

Yet it is clear enough that, despite two serious defeats at general elections, no one can seriously compete with him for the direction of the Conservative Party. Even Lord Beaverbrook really capitulated to him in their recent conflicts, and Mr. Baldwin knows well enough that Lord Rothermere need never be taken seriously. What is the secret of his power? Mr. Baldwin has certain real qualities which make it difficult to dislike him. He cares deeply for England. Its literature, its fields, its birds and trees and flowers awaken in him something of the lover's passion.

He has obvious sincerity about some ideals he cherishes, and he can present that sincerity in attractive form. He gives loyalty without stint

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to his friends, and, equally, evokes it without stint in return. He is an honorable opponent, who would never stoop to intrigue or corruption; that, at bottom, was his real case against the continuance of the Lloyd George Coalition. He can speak to landowners as one who loves their simple creed, and to manufacturers as one who has shared their interests. As he sees justice, he is anxious to do justice; as he sees fair play, he is really eager to give fair play. No one who deals with him ever has the sense that, like Mr. Lloyd George or Mr. Churchill, he can improvise conviction. Within limits, he is open to argument and ready to be convinced. He can make sacrifices for his ideals, even great personal sacrifice. He has the power of sympathizing with men, grace in personal relations, a generous confidence in those he trusts, a real gift for that open confession of the inner mind which never fails to win the House of Commons.

These are great qualities in any party leader; and no Socialist will meet him on equal terms who begins by underestimating them. For the pose of simplicity which Mr. Baldwin affects ought to deceive no one; a simple man has never been Prime Minister of England. His pigs and his pipe are simply the technique of propaganda, like the orchid of Mr. Chamberlain or the ringlets of Disraeli. They create an image which the multitude can remember, and they give a satisfaction to innumerable followers who believe that a common interest in pigs and pipes is à permanent basis of political adequacy.

But the real Mr. Baldwin, behind that façade, has real shrewdness in strategy and real skill in execution. He knows how to utilize his leadership for the ends he wants. He can measure to a nicety the strength of his rivals. Their underestimation of his talents—he enjoys cultivating that error—is one of the reasons for his success. He is the ordinary man in an extraordinary way. He does not enjoy work, especially not intellectual work. Neither his speeches nor his programmes show any real effort to grasp economic principles, or any willingness to venture along paths outside the fairly obvious philosophy of his party. Never has he really tried to think out the ultimate implications of the new world to which he belongs. He cannot conceive what is meant to the worker by its terrible impersonality, whence his failure to grasp the significance of trade unions. The employer he sees not as a corporation to whom the myriad lives of its workers remain unknown, but as a kindly manager in a factory to whom every worker is an identifiable person.

HE DOES not grasp the place of England in the new world order. He wants to do the decent, kindly thing there without realizing how immense is the body of fact to be investigated and imaginatively under-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stood, before the decent and kindly thing can even be known. Certain traditions impress him as institutions; and he too easily thinks that an invocation of Disraeli, or the English spirit, or the zeal for fair play, will, in itself, work miracles. When failure occurs, he is, just as easily, tempted to believe that there has been inadequate response to an effort he has not made.

He has a curious intellectual laziness, coupled with a certain attractive humility. But these, only too often, have the unfortunate result of making him the instrument of colleagues more energetic and confident than himself. His mishandling of the General Strike, of Egypt and India, of international affairs, of the coal problem and the trade unions is all clearly traceable to his being overborne by men who were active and determined at the critical moment. He gives way easily to pressure. He does not suspect evil motives. He is easily content with the dull and second-rate, if, like Lord Eustace Percy and Lord Cushendun, they are personally attractive to him. He rarely makes the effort to initiate; and that means, too frequently, a willingness to let someone else's initiative take its course.

There will never, therefore, be on the statute book a great policy of which he is the originator. He is anxious enough to will what is right, without having that energy of mind which ceaselessly inquires what it is right to will. He is not a great orator, though he has moments of real eloquence and a power, on occasion, of really distinguished phrase. But to speak well, he must think deeply, and that is rare with him. He has taken a philosophy ready-made from what is best in his environment, without any scrutiny of its foundations, or of whether it any longer satisfies the wider demands of the people.

What he has not experienced, he rarely understands, and he lacks the intellectual curiosity to inquire into the unknown. He has character without imaginative insight, ability without the inquiring mind, faith in inherited principle without that instinct for truth which insists upon examination of the conventional and the obvious. Without doubt, he is well fitted to lead the gentlemen of England in the way that is characteristic of an English gentleman. But the day of the gentlemen of England is over, and Mr. Baldwin's ultimate error is his failure to seek an explanation of the reason for its passing.

III. Lady Astor

LADY ASTOR has a secure, if small, place in history as the first woman member of the House of Commons. She started the evil tradition that the wife of a popular member has the natural reversion to her husband's seat. Exactly why she was elected it would be difficult to say, just as it is difficult to know why the first Lord Astor was created a peer,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

except that he was rich and so an obvious recruit to the Tory House of Lords. She had done nothing for women's emancipation. She had no special knowledge of any social or political problem. She was rich, she was vivid, she was alert; she entertained upon a scale reminiscent of the great days of the Victorian epoch. Nothing more was needed to be a Tory woman member of the House of Commons.

It is difficult to argue that Lady Astor has made any mark there. Her presence, indeed, has been felt. She likes to make interjections, especially when the capitalist system is being indicted. She is anxious to leave the impression that she is aware of the responsibility of great riches. She is really made angry by the kind of blunt reaction which men like Lord Banbury typify. But her attitude in the House is less English than American in character. It is of the type which, in New York or Washington, makes a millionaire's wife notable for smartness in repartee. Her speeches are usually amiable, and always well-meaning. But most of them do not display any direct familiarity with the things of which she speaks.

She is a good Tory democrat, but there is always about her democracy the sense of the great lady being kind to the poor. And her anger with interrupters suggests that, somewhere within herself, there is a still, small voice which whispers doubt of the right of the working classes to question her affirmations. She is really sincere, and she is obviously a good comrade-in-arms; it must be nearly impossible to dislike Lady Astor. But the trouble with her sincerity is that it is usually uninformed, and she has never disciplined her mind to the careful study of ideas. She is a good comrade-in-arms, because she enjoys disputation, and anyone who can fight immediately wins her heart. Her tastes are extraordinarily catholic.

What philosophy, if any at all, she has evolved from her myriad contacts I do not know. *Noblesse oblige*, compassion for the poor, a half-regret that they do not work harder, a determination that they shall not drown their sorrows in drink, a yearning for proper understanding between capital and labor,—whatever that means,—a feeling that with a little kindness we can conquer the world—these, I think, are probably its unconscious elements.

She is the Pollyanna of the political world; and everyone, of course, likes a ray of sunshine. Her house is a remarkable centre. She must have entertained everyone and everything. The Duke of York and Mr. Lansbury, the Naval Conference and that on Maternity Welfare, the Rhodes scholars and Anglo-American historians, Mr. Shaw and Mr. St. John Ervine, and, of course, Mr. Beverley Nichols have all been granted that inexhaustible hospitality. Partly it comes from an endless fund of sheer good will, partly from the American incapacity to believe that one can sit still, partly from the English political habit of believing that if people

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

only meet together, sooner or later, somehow or other, problems must be solved.

I suppose that no new lion has ever come to London without being at St. James's Square; I am sure that no new lion has ever been there without a sense of his leonine quality. In one corner you can see Mr. Guedalla polishing his latest epigram; in another, the Sitwell family is trying to be mistaken for the Lake poets; in another still is Lord Cecil, looking like a Laudian archbishop. It is endlessly good fun; and it gives to Socialist attendants the consciousness of recognition, while the aristocracy is able to feel the full limit of its generous condescension. As for the intellectuals, I suppose that the brief brilliance of an evening reception persuades them to believe that the electric light is really the recognition of the sun.

SHE means it all so admirably. If good intentions could solve the problems of the universe, Lady Astor would have solved them long ago. To the individual she is the essence of kindness. Tell her that help is needed, and she flies to the rescue. But it has never really dawned on her that class distinctions are real; how could it, when the most eminent of trade-union leaders sits constantly at her right hand at dinner? She really does want shorter hours for working girls, better wages for miners, more education for the nation's children. She really does feel that if we could only somehow 'get together' all these things might be. She says so vehemently, because she vehemently feels it so.

Not, I add, vehemently so thinks. Lady Astor does not go through careful intellectual processes. She has intentions about things, springing from a kind heart and a generous nature. She is incapable of philosophy and she is not imaginative. I doubt if she could understand Mr. Veblen's theory of conspicuous waste, or its significance in St. James's Square. The price that has been paid by the working classes for such liberties as they have won has never really entered into her consciousness. She really thinks that the Tory Party means to unite classes in a great national fellowship of mutual benefit. For her a declaration of good will is equivalent to a realization of justice.

A careful history of the British aristocracy would be one of the great books of the world. No other class has so amply known how to sacrifice the shadow of power while retaining its substance. No other class, either, has been so shrewd in making necessary concessions at the right moment lest greater concessions be enforced. It has grace and charm and dignity as no other aristocracy has possessed them. It can make its bitter enemies the unconscious prisoners of its own skillful insight. It has brought the art of indirect government to a level unsurpassed in previous history. It has surrendered political democracy, but that social

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and economic democracy which is of the essence of freedom it has known supremely how to hinder from development.

Of this temper Lady Astor is the outstanding instrument, the more effective because she is supremely unconscious of it. Attack her riches, and she can explain how admirably much of them are used. Attack her opinions, and she can show how excellent are many of the measures she supports. Denounce her associates, and she can demonstrate how many of them are your own supporters. She and her wholly admirable husband will support most good causes except the essential cause.

If people are so eager for justice, you are tempted to believe that they know what justice is. If people are so anxious to do the right thing, you are persuaded to think that they know the right thing to do. It is so difficult not to mistake kindness for insight and ardor for understanding. But the wealthy young man of the Scriptures did not make the ultimate sacrifice.

Chinese generals must be even more skilled at writing than at fighting. Here is a typical exchange of compliments between the two big men of the hour.

CHINA *Goes to* War

By GEORGE SOULIE DE MORANT

Translated from the *Nouvelles Littéraires*
Paris Literary Weekly

IN OUR WESTERN COUNTRIES, when a war is threatening or has already begun, the governments, alleging that mystery is an essential part of diplomacy, take good care to keep the communications they send to each other out of the newspapers. We thus have to wait a long time before we can read their yellow, blue, or white books. In China, on the other hand, the belligerents seem to consider an exchange

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of dispatches as a preliminary battle that will influence the succeeding campaigns. Long before they join arms they address to each other subtle missives, which, like powerful explosives or poisonous gases, produce dire results and which for that reason are at once spread the length and breadth of the land through newspapers, posters, and speeches.

A very brief period of tranquillity has just come to an end and the two hundred million northern Chinese are again at war with the two hundred million southern Chinese, in so far as it is possible for a pillaged population, bled white with taxes and decimated by wholesale massacres, to play any part at all in such a struggle. Certain Chinese newspapers have just come to me containing the opening letters exchanged by the two chief protagonists. The literary strategy in which they indulge is quite unknown in our country yet it reveals a most curious aspect of the modern Chinese soul and seems well worth describing. The first effect of their correspondence is to remove all false appearances from the two conflicting parties and thus reveal the complete opposition between the northern and southern ideals in China.

The President of the Chinese Republic, Tsiang Tsié-che, whom our press, in slavish imitation of Anglo-Saxon ignorance, calls Chiang Kai-shek, used to be the southern leader. As the heir to the liberator, Sun Yat-sen, he proclaimed universal suffrage and certain governmental guarantees of which the Occident is still ignorant. Thanks to his alliance with Russia he defeated the autocratic, militaristic North, which had enjoyed the support of the European powers. After winning his triumph he gave the constitution he had promised, but as soon as the Western powers had recognized him he expelled the Russians and took on German military instructors and American financial organizers. He, too, became autocratic, militaristic, and fiscal, and his supporters deserted him one after another.

NORTH CHINA, defeated and ruined, turned toward the only one of its leaders who, untouched by the influence of the hated foreigner, had been able for eighteen years to maintain peace and prosperity in his province by following the methods of Confucius. That man is Yen Hsi-shan, master of the Shansi province, whose troops had never fought and who was named vice generalissimo of all the armies in China. Called upon through his allegiance to the President to attack one of Chiang Kai-shek's rebellious lieutenants, he obeyed orders and triumphed through strategy, avoiding any bloodshed. It was at this point that he entered on his first literary combat with the President, to whom he addressed the following letter on the tenth of last February:—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'The danger that menaces our China is serious, as you yourself have said with such justice, and for a long time now I have been so busy turning over and over in my mind plans to assure the future of our democracy and of our nation that I often forget to nourish myself by day and to sleep by night. I have carefully elaborated a very small project which I have not presumed to submit to your lofty examination, but danger is pressing, as you have said, and I must speak.

'As successor to our glorious Sun Yat-sen you have been crushed down by the weight of office and you have exhausted your strength overcoming all obstacles and assuring the triumph of our democracy and of our nation. You have never ceased trying patiently and tenaciously to bring about the demobilization of our army, in order, as you have said, to be able to retire as soon as you have established the state on firm foundations. But events have not responded to your desire. Intrigues have divided our party. The militarists agitate. The suffering of the people increases. Discontent is general. If you continue fighting, it will be difficult for you to prove your love for our country and your faithfulness to the pacific principles of our party. People will grow suspicious of you, and it is this thought that saddens me and lays waste my heart. Being aware, however, of your admirable sentiments, I have considered that the troops who are now killing each other are all of them our partisans, fighting for the same principles, the principles of our glorious Sun Yat-sen. Those whom you are attacking are democratic like yourself, yet our deceased president always strove for unity of the party and of the country and this should be our constant purpose, too. Sun Yat-sen, in achieving the fusion of the spirit of Western civilization with our own, created the four rights of the people and the five powers, thus making himself the leader of world-wide cosmopolitanism. Alas, why are we now divided, brothers that we are?

'Here is my modest advice. The country must be directed with the spirit of politeness and conciliation. To achieve this end my desire is that both of us resign together the positions that we hold. The members of our now divided party will then have no further reason to fight and the party, thus unified, will be able to govern the state. Politeness, equity, conciliation—these are the essence of our people's spirit. Give them an example. You will strengthen the party and you will start millions of citizens along the right track. I say this to you with tears in my eyes.'

PRESIDENT CHIANG KAI-SHEK parried this blow on the twelfth of February, but without great success:—

'O elder brother Yen! I have respectfully opened your message in which you tell me that the country must be governed by politeness and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conciliation and that force should not be used by a democratic party, and in which you invite me to join you in resigning all our responsibilities. I appreciate profoundly your lively affection for the party and the people. I shall, however, permit myself to submit to you my humble advice. At this moment when the danger that menaces our country keeps growing, I do not feel that our duty is to retire in the face of the attacks of the reactionaries. Such a course could only fortify their action and encourage trouble and would not realize in any respect your desires for politeness, conciliation, and union. Since conquering the North the Central Government, always with a view toward peaceful unification, has actively and openly busied itself with disbanding its armies. If the reactionaries had not bribed some of these armies the wars would have been over long ago. The Government has no desire to employ force in any way, but if we do not oppose with force those who count on force to overturn the state and the party, how shall we attain peaceful unification? You yourself understand this duty since you have just hurled your army against a rebel.

'I am not a man who clings greedily to power. Twice already I have resigned my position and have declared that I shall retire as soon as the revolts are over, but, alas, troubles continue. I see myself forced to work until death comes. As for you, my older brother, you are of too great value to the state and to the party to resign in this fashion in the hour of danger. It is, indeed, a serious moment, but if we agree to seek salvation together we shall surely succeed. Then, when peaceful unification is achieved, if you want to make a trip around the world, I shall respectfully offer you my company.'

The artful Yen Hsi-shan profited by this letter to proclaim on February thirteenth his own plan and programme:—

'O, Commander in Chief, I have respectfully taken note of your dispatch of the twelfth in which you declare yourself willing to retire after peace has been achieved. That I know and firmly believe. The only thing is that, in my poor opinion, the way to bring peace to the country is to eliminate the causes of the troubles that disturb us and not to crush the troubles themselves. For if we do not allow the troubles to occur they will not exist, whereas if we employ force we provoke force and troubles will never end.

'According to my lights, which are indeed limited, it is no longer a question of revolution and counterrevolution, but a mutual massacre of revolutionary forces. Who among these so-called rebels has not worked ardently for the revolution? What troops among all those that are fighting now have not fought against the monarchy? You tell me that your resignation would encourage the reactionaries, but since the Disarmament Conference our party has been torn with dissension and reproaches have rained down on both you and me. Suspicions increase.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That is why by taking our leave we should remove the objects of this present malice and should deprive the so-called reactionaries of their motives. You also say that one must use force to reply to force. Must we then follow this practice against those who are employing force under the pretext of maintaining the party and the state? Can the party be unified by expelling the majority of its members? Can peace be achieved by fighting the militaristic majority? In my opinion all members of the Kuomintang, except the Communists, who should be treated with contempt, must unite and then the majority must decide what to do. That will make the party solid and whole.'

PRESIDENT CHIANG waited two days and then received a telegram from Yen asking for a reply. On the eighteenth of February he sent a rather obscure dispatch declaring himself ashamed of not having been able to act in such a way as to preserve the former unity of the party and desolated to find Yen attacking his point of view. He announced that he was sending a plenipotentiary and added:—

'According to my latest information you have decided to declare war on the Government and have occupied the ministries and former offices at Peking. I am waiting for you to start circulating messages inviting me to resign, though first, of course, you will have mobilized all your armies.'

Thus the North, where the monarchists are in power, waves the ancient banner of the old dynastic founders, while the democratic South becomes the partisan of force and authority. Yen has organized a government at Peking. The two parties have mobilized. Engagements are taking place southeast of Shantung. Once again the foreign powers in China have bet on the autocrat and lost. What are they going to do, and what, above all, will Russia and Japan do, both of whom want to win the mastery of Asia?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A new brand of Pan-Americanism has just hit the Argentine. Waldo Frank is its prophet and his great success there is interpreted by a man on the spot.

North America Looks SOUTH

By ROBERT CAHEN SALABERRY

Translated from the *Mercure de France*
Paris Literary and Political Semimonthly

WALDO FRANK, the celebrated American author, has been giving a course of lectures in the Argentine, where he has announced the death of Europe and the birth of a new America. The enthusiastic reception that has greeted him in Buenos Aires ought to make the Old World somewhat anxious. An association for intellectual exchanges between the United States and the Argentine organized the visit along the most modern lines. Copious articles in the press prepared an advance atmosphere propitious to the success of these lectures and soon after Mr. Frank's arrival in Buenos Aires this philosopher of young America became a sympathetic, almost popular, figure. Since the subjects he discussed appealed to the intellectual tastes of the Argentines, and since he invested them with apostolic fervor, he attracted large audiences.

In *Our America*, his first book to be translated into French, Waldo Frank gave a painfully acute description of the present state of America, of what he called the American reality. The book was greeted in France with every mark of sympathy because it seemed to contain a pitiless case against the industrial civilization of the United States. Its author, however, revealed a much more positive attitude in his latest book, *The Rediscovery of America*. What he condemns in American life are the traces and fragments of European civilization projected there. These abandoned fragments, exiled from their original balanced background, have gone to make up American civilization as we know it to-day, in all its disordered development. But apart from the inhuman

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reality that exists there, and above that reality, the American ideal has come into being, the ideal of a new world that will alone be capable of establishing the moral totality that humanity needs and that Europe has been unable to provide, since it has been in a state of dissolution ever since the Renaissance. Frank has therefore scrutinized the American reality only to discover in it the germs of a new order. Modern America, a mere caricature of Europe, is suffering agonies. A new America is being born and will illuminate the world.

These are the terms in which Frank has addressed the Argentines, appealing to them, like a prophet, for a Pan-American Union in the intellectual field. His success can easily be explained by the utterly new nature of his ideas. The diagnosis that he has presented to the South Americans, paradoxical as it may seem, contains all the elements of optimism that are most certain to arouse their enthusiasm.

ACCORDING to Waldo Frank, the world is tending to organize itself into a single ordered unit, each part of which will be determined by the whole, and in which spiritual values will be harmoniously adjusted. Such a world is a moral whole. The treatises of Thomas Aquinas and the poems of Dante show that at the end of the thirteenth century Europe had brought a similar world to a point of perfection. Men's thoughts were not fraught with anxiety and people had no difficulty in fitting themselves into a rich physical and moral order. Crevices, however, presently began to appear. The Catholic system became dislocated. The Renaissance shattered the unity of human thought, ruining an entire world, and since that time Europe has worn itself out vainly attempting to create a new spiritual order. It was with such thoughts in mind and in pursuit of such a unity that Columbus set sail in 1492, and the discovery of a new continent hastened the collapse of Christian harmony.

The first Europeans who settled in America brought with them as spiritual luggage these decomposing traditions, which presently became their intellectual inspiration. Though many original principles had crumbled to dust in Europe society retained its shape for a long time, but in America a new social structure had to be built. It was an impossible enterprise. The first colonizers were undertaking a contradictory task because their own characters were full of contradiction. They were civilized men filled with the fundamental principles of European order, from which they could never completely free themselves. Yet they departed because European order no longer satisfied them. Some of them had suffered from religious intolerance and wanted to follow their own cults in peace on a new continent. Others had run afoul of the law and wanted to take up a new life far from

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

royal tribunals. They were in rebellion against the ancient unity of Europe and brought to America only fragments of tradition.

The pioneers on this new continent entered a hand-to-hand struggle with nature and used themselves up fighting for necessities. Just as they built their cabins with whatever material came to hand, so likewise they improvised their ideals with what remnants of European tradition they possessed. Here, according to Frank, lie the origins of the American mentality. The European cast-offs found themselves under a new sky, facing new conditions. In Europe they had been part of a whole. In America they found themselves isolated, and the entire civilization of modern America has been determined by this governing phenomenon. Instead of subordinating himself to the whole, the individual has tried to subordinate the whole to himself. This tendency Waldo Frank calls power. It forms the basis for the incoherent material development of America.

But the pioneer was also in a state of profound revolt against the European order. He was a refractory person, as we have seen, but he also aspired toward a new world. Soon the American intellectuals will understand that their world is a mere caricature of the European world and they will revolt against this imitation as their ancestors revolted against the original. They will search and grope in the dark and from this hesitating quest a new world will be born. They will rediscover America. This need to live in an harmonious organism, to form a whole, to create an ordered world where everyone will have his place assigned him is an aspiration directly opposed to the aspiration toward power. Frank calls this aspiration love and sees in its victory the salvation of America and of the world.

The child is entirely dominated by the will to power, and, in this sense, America was and still is a child. From the early colonial days up to the present, the history of the American people has represented a slow process of formation, a long infancy. The American ideal, like a child's ideal, was to grow, to strengthen one's self, to make the outer world submit, and to become rich. The development of machinery can be explained in no other way, for man saw in it a means of individual domination. Machine worship is one form of the cult of the ego, not of the ego as an essential part of some whole, but of the solitary ego acting instinctively, striving for power.

No organic development has occurred in the United States. Power has been concentrated in the hands of a few financial and industrial magnates, Rockefellers, Vanderbilts, Harrimans, and so forth. The vast human masses, the vague, suffering multitudes have never expressed themselves. The American ideal has never reflected itself in any fixed style, for a style presupposes a collective aspiration, a victory for the aspiration of love. Skyscrapers do not express any civilization in terms

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of architecture, they are merely temples raised to the cult of power. Even in the field of thought power has had its prophets. Pragmatism exalts success and makes the spirit the slave of material action.

MEANWHILE the obscure crowd executes a sad pantomime, unconsciously interpreting the empire of power. The monotony of jazz and the latent nervousness of its rhythms represent the transposition in terms of sound of the delusion of machines, the tragic submission of an entire people to the infernal sovereignty of the repeated gesture. The plaintive modulations of jazz and its sudden syncopated outbursts reveal a desire for liberation, a suppressed, servile, childish, yet unmistakable desire to be free. Yet, inadequate as it may be, the latent revolt in jazz music is a valuable tendency and gives serious grounds for hope. It is one of the manifestations of a superior order protesting against this brutal reign of power.

For the ideal of love that drove the pioneer out of Europe and into a new country also has its history. It is the history of all those men who from the seventeenth century to the present time have revolted against the American reality. They failed because they believed in false solutions. Franklin could not get beyond the limits of his local ideas. Emerson, on the other hand, lost himself wandering in regions too spacious. Wilson, the last representative of the still confused ideal, thought that he could cure the ills of his country by sermons and messages to Congress instead of attacking economic and spiritual causes. With him, however, the period of uncertainty terminated. To-day the American spirit, after a long period of silent travail, has become aware of its ideal.

American intelligence, having at last attained maturity, looks at this terrifying civilization and is measuring the full extent of its evils. Even the finest spirits hesitate at the immense task laid before them. This explains why modern writers are living through a period of despair. The realistic school of Dreiser and Frank Norris is assuming a negative attitude. It bitterly describes the evils that exist. But the best elements in American youth, impelled by some obscure energy, burst forth in lyrical explosions. Sandburg and O'Neill proclaimed their eagerness to live but constructed nothing. T. S. Eliot moved a step further by demanding a deeper discipline and clear-cut thinking, but Eliot went in the wrong direction, for he returned to the old values and classic formulas of a vanished European order.

In spite of all these mistaken efforts, Waldo Frank has not fallen into pessimism. On the contrary, these defeats, instead of weakening the new America, have released it. A new world is being born, a new moral order is being created. Frank has discovered a symbol of the America that is being born in an unexpected quarter, to wit, in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

person of the youthful flapper, who cares nothing for the past but has the instincts of the future in her. She is the most crude, courageous, and shameless expression of the New World. Frank puts his faith in women. He believes that their influence will be decisive.

BUT the purpose of Frank's trip was not only to explain his own country. The Argentines hoped for something else. Frank therefore explained to them in his 'Message to the Argentine' that the crisis that the United States is undergoing extends throughout the world. Europe in particular is becoming more like America every day. The principle of power has prevailed over there. Beauty and truth have vanished. A world is dying. Humanity finds itself in a period of transition. The American ideal, aspiring toward moral totality, has become universal. The situation in the Argentine resembles that of the United States. Here, too, power seems to be carrying the day. Here, too, the spirit is nourishing itself on unsubstantial food. The Argentine keeps babbling empty, stale, dead catchwords that it has inherited from the Old World. Its intellectuals have only a vague feeling of what this state of anxiety means. Frank urges them none the less to persevere, telling them that the hour of awakening is at hand. He urges the Argentine to reject the decayed fragments of an ancient organism and to discover in itself its real personality. Rediscovery of America and the creation of a New World mean first of all acquiring a consciousness of one's self. Let all Americans, therefore, both North and South, go to the roots of their characters and they will discover there the same aspirations. Thus the communion of all the peoples of America, so indispensable to the new task, will be achieved. Finally, Frank laments the distrust, and even hostility, that Latin America feels for the United States, a sterile hatred that can only retard the good that is to come.

Waldo Frank has come to exhort the peoples of Latin America to rally round this new ideal. He shows us two Americas. He does not deny the existence of Uncle Sam, rapacious and brutal, but he reveals above this American reality an ideal far superior to skyscrapers reared by individual power. The United States must not be rejected, lock, stock, and barrel. What must be abandoned is a systematic distrust and an ill-judged anti-imperialist prejudice. For the truth is that demagogic anti-imperialism will not prevent the invasion of power. Safety only lies in an act of faith. Have active confidence in the new state of the American spirit, he seems to say, and you will thus create an atmosphere of love in which power, finding no sustenance for itself, will perish. That, in brief, is the message of Waldo Frank. A new religion has been born, a neo-Americanism, and this apostle is trying to win proselytes. It is a fine conception and the sincerity that lies behind

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it cannot be doubted. But is this propaganda opportune, and in certain circumstances will it not favor the very forces it wishes to oppose?

THE prodigious economic wealth of the Argentine cries out for considerable foreign investments. Can anyone imagine that the United States is disinterested? The War enabled it to open a systematic invasion of South American markets, though in the Argentine it met with organized resistance. A very powerful anti-imperialist current has been developed here, and the policy of brutal penetration pursued in Nicaragua and Haiti and the more or less veiled penetration that has been going on elsewhere keeps arousing more numerous and more determined protests. The chief object of Mr. Hoover's trip to South America was to correct these unfortunate impressions and to dissipate hostility, for he proclaimed everywhere the purity of the intentions of the United States. But is this the proper time to speak of union between all the peoples of America? May not Frank's philosophy help to break the resistance of the Argentine and permit Yankee imperialism to spread more readily? We do not for an instant deny that there exists in the United States a select group of people who oppose this policy, but we feel that Frank ignores altogether too much the keen, aggressive qualities of this imperialism. His plan of action seems all too vague, his remedies quite uncertain. He says that Europe is no longer the source of new life and that America, ever since its birth, has been witnessing the funeral of European culture. He urges the Argentines to abandon their systematic suspicions and to become self-aware, assuring them that when they have arrived at this state they will be similar to the North Americans. Actually, such ideas will serve to turn the South Americans away from Europe and toward the United States.

We shall not discuss here the value of the historical and psychological explanations that Frank has developed to account for our present distress. He has recognized, however, that this distress is not purely American but universal. Europe, also, refuses to accept outworn formulas and new forces are at work everywhere, eagerly searching for a new order. Should not these forces work together, he seems to say, and should not the Monroe Doctrine be extended to the spiritual field? Madame Victoria Ocampo and Waldo Frank intend to publish a review. We hope that this organ will remember that the problem which brought it into being is not an exclusively American problem but that it belongs to the whole world. Under these circumstances we are sure that the European intellectuals will be convinced that now more than ever they must not desert Latin America. Only their presence can assure that condition of equilibrium which is indispensable to the spiritual development of the new continent.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A month ago we printed a bitter attack on Prohibition by an avowed British dry. Here is a more friendly interpretation of our 'noble experiment.'

PROHIBITION as It Is

By A NEW YORK CORRESPONDENT

From the *Manchester Guardian*
Liberal Daily

AMERICA HAS LATELY been celebrating—if that word does not sound too ironic—the tenth birthday of Prohibition; and an unusual amount of propaganda for and against it has appeared in the daily press. For the first time in several years public hearings on the subject have been held before committees of Congress, and the professional 'wets' and 'drys' have hastened to air their views, which are, of course, that Prohibition has either wrecked America or transformed it into a paradise, according to their point of departure.

As a matter of fact, nearly everything uttered on either side is worthless as evidence. In the nature of the case, there are almost no reliable data as to what is happening. The liquor traffic, being now illegal, does not get into any sort of dependable statistics, and such is the fanatic zeal displayed on both sides that even if figures were available it is doubtful whether they would be of much importance. Every man sees what he wishes to see, and closes his eyes to everything else.

The one accurate set of statistics in regard to Prohibition has to do with deaths from alcoholism and from cirrhosis of the liver. Medical records show that for almost a decade before the year 1918 the number of deaths from these two causes remained practically constant in the United States. In both categories there was a decline from 1918 to 1922 (national Prohibition became effective early in 1920). Since 1922, deaths from both these causes have been steadily but slowly increasing, until by 1928 they had gone higher, in proportion to population, than

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ever before since records have been kept. Deaths from poisonous alcohol are not included in them.

It is clear that some of the things attributed to Prohibition, both by its friends and its foes, are partly the result of other causes. One of the things most commonly said is that Prohibition has brought great prosperity to the United States; yet no reputable economist will admit that this is true. Prosperity in the United States has never been so widespread as is supposed; but in so far as it does exist, it is due to mass production, to the expansion of foreign trade because of the Great War, and to the reckless waste of natural resources for which the next generation must pay. About as many of the nation's leading industrialists oppose Prohibition as support it, and those who are against it scout the theory that the individual workman's productivity has been increased by it. They say, first, that the workman hasn't stopped drinking; and, secondly, that even when he has, the increase in his productivity is due to machinery and not to himself. On the other hand, the foes of the 'experiment noble in intention' (as President Hoover has called it) point to the increase in crime in America as being directly the result of putting this great traffic outside the law. As to this it may be said that the increase in crime is very much smaller than is commonly supposed; the United States has throughout its history been prone to disregard laws which the citizens did not like, and its homicide rate has always been high by British standards. But in any case it would have been normal to expect a great increase in crime after the War, and especially when we realize the advantage which the universal use of the automobile has given the lawbreaker. When suitable discount has been given to these factors, the 'wave of lawlessness due to Prohibition' in great part disappears.

MANY other assumptions about present conditions in America must be similarly treated; either they have never been true or they are true no longer. For example, the wildness of young people was always exaggerated, and what there was of it has greatly diminished in the past three or four years. The assertion that 'people are drinking more than ever' is perhaps true of a very limited class in a few great cities, of which New York is chief, but it undoubtedly is not true of the country as a whole. Prohibition is quite well enforced in those communities which had already gone dry by local option before the national law came into effect, and it is enforced to-day among those classes which were in favor of temperance in the old days. Those who began to drink shortly after the law went into effect, because it was fashionable to be defiant, have either stopped or curtailed their purchases of liquor. There is a great deal of home manufacture of wine among the foreign

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

born, but the native Americans, who constitute 85 per cent of the population, regard this as too much trouble. For the most part, they buy from bootleggers or abstain.

It cannot be too often emphasized that there is no one 'truth' about Prohibition in America. There is one set of facts which is true for the seacoast cities and another for the midland. The rich (who are the group mostly seen, it might be observed, by visiting English lecturers) live one way and the middle class another. The farmers have an attitude quite different from that of the industrial workers in the factories. The young have a different attitude from their elders, and the youth of to-day is not that of four or five years ago.

FROM an authoritative source I have obtained information which is probably as reliable as it is possible to get, and certainly much more solid than the views of professional wets and drys. Unquestionably, according to this informant, drinking has decreased under Prohibition. Good liquor is so expensive that it cannot be bought by anyone whose annual income is much less than £800 a year. Viewing the country as a whole, it is probable that Prohibition is now 75 or 80 per cent effective, and by spending a few million additional dollars each year it can probably be made 85 or 90 per cent effective. This is as far as the authorities hope to go in this generation.

Smuggling across the borders from Canada or Mexico, or obtaining liquor from rum runners, is no longer of any importance. Neither is the diversion of industrial alcohol which has been poisoned to make it unpotable, from which the bootleggers more or less successfully remove the poison. These two sources now account for only 15 per cent of the consumption between them, 85 per cent coming from local secret distillation in each community for consumption in the vicinity. Whiskey and gin are the products now consumed almost to the exclusion of all others; beer is barred because of its bulk, which makes it difficult to smuggle. While the whiskeys are not aged except by chemical means, on the whole they are not poisonous, at least if taken in small quantities. There has been no important increase in the general death rate since Prohibition, and slight increases now and then seem explicable on other grounds. In a word, nearly all the generalizations about Prohibition are wrong, and, while its effects have thus far been gravely disappointing, it should by no means be dismissed as a flat and hopeless failure.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A fight to the death between a man and a condor seems incredible, but the author took snapshots proving that he really made the journey here described.

On Horseback *through the* Andes

By MARIO APPELIUS

Translated from *Popolo d'Italia*
Milan Fascist Daily

I AM ACCOMPANYING an engineer on a mining expedition through the Andes between Chile and Argentina, and we plan to penetrate the mountain range at one of its most majestic and solitary points, a region still untouched by train or automobile, an undisputed kingdom of the condor and the horse. We are given two ponies, plain, sturdy creatures, which the engineer has borrowed from a well-to-do friend who watches over a herd of cattle and sheep from his colonial mansion in the mountains.

'Your horses are ready,' he announces in his gaucho dialect as he points to a group of ponies grazing in the pasture. 'Choose the ones you want. They are young beasts who know their way in the mountains, but they don't like spurs and they do need water.'

Vigorous and sensitive to the bit, these Chilean mountain horses can pick their way like wild goats over the rocks and they know how to find food for themselves in mountain pastures while their masters cook breakfast on the bank of some stream.

After a two days' journey we leave the broad lowlands behind us and arrive at the higher valleys. At night we sleep in such cabins as we encounter along the road, making use of the proverbial hospitality of the Andes, and if we do not find a house we make ourselves as comfortable as we can under the open sky, wrapped in warm ponchos, with cowboy saddles as our pillows. On the third morning we rise at dawn and climb up a trail that winds through the rocks like some empty

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

river bed. At noon we arrive at an inhabited pasture ground, where a large herd of sheep are nibbling thin grass. Several hairy dogs are on guard, snarling when the sheep stray too far and driving them back, pushing and barking. A man, woman, and child live here: the man is very old, wrinkled, and weather-beaten, but he still appears strong; the woman, handsome, solid, and brown, is swathed in rags from which bare arms and legs emerge. They seem to be father and daughter and sit down near us on a large rock before the shelter made of sticks and tin which serves as their home. The boy is playing with the lambs and as we pass he turns his dirty, smeared face in our direction.

This child of the mountains must be the son of the woman and grandson of the old man, a descendant of generations of shepherds, magnificent Chilean rangers with knowledge of sheep-breeding in their blood. These people are familiar with all the habits and tricks of their beasts, their weaknesses and ills, and the dangers from which they must be protected. They regulate their mating and their shearing and change their altitude and their pastures in accordance with laws that have been passed down from father to son. They rise with the sun and fling themselves to rest late at night, zealously watching the landowner's flock, aided by their dogs and horses, children and women, defending themselves and their charges from condors, pumas, and foxes, and receiving as their reward for this miserable existence meagre wages which they scrupulously hoard in order to achieve the ideal of their lives—the possession of a patch of fertile soil and an adobe hut, with a portion of roast pig thrown in now and then.

WE STOP to have a bite to eat in their company and make friends over a little bread and wine. They offer us a piece of very salty cheese, hard as rock, and a glass of water which the child brings us in his dirty hands from a stream of newly melted snow.

'How are the flocks, my friend?'

'Good wool, little meat. The grass is scarce this year and there aren't many lambs.'

'You must have lived up here a good many years.'

'Seventy-two, but I'm still able to work for my daughter and the boy.'

The frowning, motionless woman hardly notices us. We are not shepherds, and are therefore strangers, perhaps enemies. Seen from here the Andes present an endless array of peaks, interspersed with valleys and pastures. The undulating mass slopes down to the plains, capriciously shooting up again here and there toward the sky. The old man, taciturn like all shepherds, silently smokes his root pipe, while the woman slowly goes about her household duties in the hut. Agile as a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

squirrel, the boy climbs up a rock, where a lamb which has wandered after a spear of grass now stands marooned, wailing for its mother.

Toward night, in a valley near the Chilean border, we meet a noisy group of mounted cowboys driving a herd of cows and calves from a village on the other side of the Andes. The party, which consists of three Chilean *huasos* and a single Argentine gaucho, is escorting a herd of nearly two hundred heads. The men camp for the night on a small meadow and turn the beasts loose to pasture, giving their dogs the task of keeping them together. They have built a fire with a few sticks and twigs and are roasting a quartered lamb on two posts stuck in the ground. We quickly make their acquaintance and even more quickly make friends, for such is the custom in the mountains. Hardly has the sun disappeared behind the vague immensity of the rolling hills when suddenly a quarrel breaks out between one of the *huasos* and the gaucho. This is an everyday affair, however, due to the traditional enmity between Chileans and Argentines and the implacable professional pride of the *huasos* and gauchos, both of whom claim supremacy in their handling of horses. For these men can work side by side for weeks on end, sharing hardships and dangers, but whenever a throw of the lasso or an unruly horse or bull tests their skill their racial spirit embitters them at once and brings an old conflict to the surface.

The two rivals in our party are emphatically discussing the relative merits of Argentine and Chilean horseflesh.

'The Argentine horse is only good for plains! He's not worth a Chilean horse in the mountains!'

'You're crazy! What does a *huaso* know about horses?'

'Well, how much does an Argentine know, who has to hang on to the pommel for fear of being thrown from the saddle?'

'That's a lie, you llama tamer!'

'Liar yourself, you guitar player!'

'I'll smash your face in!'

'Try and do it, you tango dancer!'

The quarrel ends in silence and seems to be forgotten, but a few minutes later a noise of fighting and swearing makes us run behind a rock to watch the two adversaries grimly attacking each other with fists and boots, teeth and heads, breaking their ribs and jaws for the honor of their national horses. It takes all our strength to pull the two bleeding men apart, and even then they still hurl insults at each other as their dark eyes gleam savagely. Presently, however, silence again prevails, broken only by the barking of dogs. One by one the four men roll themselves up in their ponchos and fall asleep among their saddles to dream of horses, herds, cockfights, and brawls.

The night is too beautiful and my bed too hard for sleep. The hours pass slowly, swimming in silence. Suddenly a rustle makes me turn my

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

head and I see one of the men arise. It is the gaucho. He goes to the horses and silently saddles his own, placing his great gaucho pack on its back. He then coils his lasso, puts on the bridle and leaps into the saddle, sinking his spurs into the beast, who gallops away. Half an hour later I perceive his black figure on the edge of a distant precipice: man and horse fused in a single proud, poetic outline that dominates the solitude of the Andes.

WHILE the engineer I am accompanying calculates with the patience of a monk and the imagination of a poet the possible location of the ore he is seeking, upon whose problematical existence seventy-two shareholders in Santiago are building castles in Spain, I permit myself the luxury of wandering among the rocky hills. In our lonely situation, high above the valley pastures, the condor builds its nest, which the male guards during the nesting season, standing on a rock while the female crouches over the four sticks that surround her great bluish eggs. Often when these birds are hungry they swoop down upon the flocks, sometimes the male alone, sometimes the female likewise, if the male is too slow. Often they carry off lambs, gripping them in their ponderous talons while the terrorized mother sheep runs away bleating desperately. Occasionally they even attack newly born calves, frightening the cows with their strident cries, but the shepherds come out armed with torches to defend their flocks and the goats also join the fray, since they can sometimes kill a condor with a single blow of their horns. Rarely do these birds attack a man, though stories have been told of famished condors who assaulted boys and even adults.

A few years ago many condors preyed upon Chilean sheep and their great black shapes could often be seen on hilltops, outlined against the sky. Now, however, shepherds have exterminated most of these birds by attracting them to earth with carrion placed in appropriate spots, and then beating them with cudgels when they have become heavy with food. For the condor's rigid wings are oversized and they cannot rise quickly in flight, but must take a preliminary run like an airplane before they can raise themselves aloft. Reduced in numbers and made wary by continual danger, the condors have therefore retired to the highest reaches of the Andes, to inaccessible volcano peaks and immaculate crevices of ice, where they live on llamas, fawns, foxes, and wild kids, only descending to the valleys when they are driven by hunger, or when the passage of a large herd of sheep awakens their greed.

I make my way to the top of a jutting cliff that seems to float in space and I grow dizzy gazing at the interminable chaos of mountain peaks below. It is a pleasure—both moral and physical—to breathe pure air that no human lungs have profaned and that is reserved for the condor

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

only. Certainly I am quite alone here between the snow and the sun, but as I look over at a neighboring promontory I see coming toward me a man who seems to have sprung from the rock itself. He is a Chilean tramp, as I recognize from the picturesque rags that cover him, from his great feet shod in rotten leather, from the curved knife stuck in his belt, but above all from his stony half-breed countenance, which combines the passivity of the Indian and the alertness of the Spaniard. What has this man come up here for? He salutes me with a gesture that is at once humble and proud and that flatters me yet makes me take care not to offend him.

'Good morning.'

'G' morning.'

The man continues his walk among the rocks, cautious as a smuggler in fear of customs officers. But what can he steal up here? He carries under his arm a bag that is full of something. I then see him stop, crouch, crawl, lie flat, advance warily, grope here and there among the rocks, and finally stick his hand into a crevice, softly drawing out some living object. Now I know what he is—a condor hunter, who steals young birds and eggs from their nests.

I FOLLOW him from a distance, eager to learn the secrets of his curious occupation. The morning passes slowly. The distant peaks are clearly outlined against the steel-blue horizon and the scene about me reveals in all its horror the millennial torment of the rock, tortured by wind and ice, scarred, corroded, chiseled and split, or in some places rubbed to glassy smoothness by the continual friction of wind and water. In the crevices of these highest rocks condors hide their nests, choosing by instinct the most vertical cliffs and inaccessible pinnacles. But they fail to take into account the desperate skill of my mysterious hunter, who knows how to go like a sleepwalker along the edges of precipices.

But suddenly a drama reveals itself before my horror-stricken eyes, and I involuntarily cry out for help from the peak on which I am standing, not far from the man, to be sure, yet hopelessly separated from him by a deep abyss. He has climbed like a goat to an almost vertical pinnacle where his hunter's instinct has detected the presence of a nest. The pinnacle comes to a sharp point, in whose summit the snow has carved a little channel and this cavity, hung aloft between two chasms, has been chosen by some condor for its nest, for I see the man gently gathering from it two large blue objects that are almost the shape of ostrich eggs.

While I am admiring him as he kneels there on his pedestal, like a statue of formidable power, a great shadow suddenly falls upon him.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The next instant I see an enormous bird poised directly overhead. The condor! It is a superb creature with wide black wings almost nine feet across. Its long neck is the color of coagulated blood and it has an angular yellow beak. The man, surprised and without a gun, turns to face his winged foe, standing with sublime courage, close to death, gripping his curved Chilean knife in his left hand. The duel between man and bird on this high pedestal is extraordinarily beautiful to see. Twice the man strikes at the creature's breast with his knife but each time the condor escapes the blow with a rapid beating of his great wings, while his talons reach down but do not touch their mark, though his beak grazes his enemy's flesh.

The position of the hunter is extremely difficult as he has barely a square foot to move in and the abyss surrounds him on every side. Each onrush of the bird exposes him to the danger of falling, but he defends himself from its frenzied attacks. The horrible, strident cries of the condor fill the air. Nailed impotently to my rock, frozen yet trembling with emotion, I watch this fantastic encounter which seems to turn the world back for centuries and millenniums, recalling the ancient battles between the first human beings and the beasts of sea, land, and air.

The man wards off a third attack but neither contestant has yet been wounded. At this point the condor with a few powerful strokes of his wings rises to a height of some hundred feet, describes a perfect circle over the hunter's head and then descends like a solid weight on his shoulders. For I do not know how many seconds, the man and the condor form a single frenzied mass, a monstrous mingling of wings and arms, claws and legs, beak and human head, a turmoil of feathers and rags, bits of wool and drops of blood.

And then something falls down into the abyss and that something is the man. I see his poor body crash many yards below on a point of rock, then roll down a steep slope to the bottom of the chasm, accompanied by some loose stones that rattle mockingly after.

I raise my eyes. On the tragic pinnacle the condor is shrieking his victory, flapping his great wings over the abyss as his blood-soaked head projects imperially into space.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AS OTHERS SEE US

America and the Soviet

UNDER THIS TITLE André Chaumeix of *Le Figaro* discusses with some alarm the encouragement that the Russian Five-Year Plan of Economic Development has received in the United States. François Coty, the millionaire perfume maker who owns the paper in which these opinions appear, is a consistent enemy of the present Russian government:—

> The Soviets have established an economic plan that is supposed to improve the general situation of the country within the next five years. But when they moved from theory to practice the authors of this plan turned to America. They borrowed its methods, they summoned its engineers, they dealt with big American firms. The *New York Herald*, commenting on these events, congratulates the Soviets on rivaling the capitalist powers. It declares that if Russia, with all its wealth, is producing at the maximum of its power within the next few years humanity will benefit greatly. It might be added that America will benefit greatly, too.
>
> Since the Peace Treaty, America's foreign policy has been developing swiftly and consistently. A great nation, young, ardent, and powerful, is naturally tempted to seize every chance that destiny offers. Politically, the United States has no interest in European affairs. It refuses to enter any entanglements, wishing to avoid all responsibility in case of difficulty or conflict. Its attitude toward the Versailles Treaty and the League of Nations was not the result of luck or capriciousness. It was a *parti pris*, officially justified by long-standing doctrines and frankly explained to the public.
>
> But economically the Americans do not ignore Europe and do not mean to ignore any part of the Old World. They find there an immense field for their activities, a productive outlet for their capital. After they succeed in making themselves masters, even in part, of the soil and subsoil of Russia they will occupy a position of the first importance between Europe and Asia. They will guard the very gates of Asia. *Humanité* [the official Communist organ] lately pointed out the sympathy that American democrats have manifested for Gandhi's movement and their hopes for an enormous market for American products if India gains independence.
>
> What will England do? The England of Kipling, the England whose empire extends over the seven seas, the England of unlimited credit and universal business is governed by Mr. MacDonald, head of the Labor Party. Contrary to all its past traditions, beliefs, and desires it has abandoned naval supremacy to America. For the first time it will no longer dominate the Atlantic. The famous London Conference has made this fact clear to an astounded universe. American policy in Russia and American policy in London are two aspects of the same problem and it is at this very moment that Mr. Henderson is painfully negotiating with the Soviets an economic agreement that is arousing the criticism of all those Britishers who cherish the memory of their empire's tutelary rule and their faith in her destiny. To Europe, whose culture, civilization, and moderation have long dominated the world, it is a distressing spectacle, this entrance of America upon the world scene and this evolution of England under the influence of Socialism.

New York through Austrian Eyes

DR. ADOLF LORENZ, the renowned Viennese specialist who spends part of every year in New York, has set down a few of his impressions of the great American metropolis for the benefit of his fellow townsmen. He is appalled by apart-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment houses and so disgusted by the American cuisine that he takes his own cook over with him. Unlike certain Europeans, he finds nothing in New York that excites his envy:—

Sunday is the most cheerless day in New York. A crowd that endangers one's life and limbs is seething on Broadway. There is not much rest to be found in any of the movie palaces and during the winter few people leave the city. And how much walking can one do in the teeth of a biting snowstorm? Most of the citizens are exhausted from their daily toil and spend Sundays at home, sleeping all morning and spending the rest of their time reading the Sunday papers.

Because of the astonishment one feels after witnessing the activity and efficiency of New York and its lively working tempo, an amazingly restful sensation assails one on landing in Cherbourg and again setting foot on European soil. It is an indescribably restorative sensation to find one's self again in a friendly country where people sit peacefully in cafés when their work is done, where there are quiet gardens and windows in which one can sit and look peacefully at the streets of business. The Americans may laugh at our way of life and consider it backward, but I believe that Europeans, in spite of their many wants, are the happier.

America's Complacent Females

MARY HAMILTON, Laborite Member of Parliament, has returned to London from a brief visit to the United States, where she subjected our glorious womanhood to rigorous analysis. Here are her unflattering findings:—

The American is proud of his women; woman is, as it were, Exhibit A in the national gallery. And this is, in fact, the view that seems to be taken by the majority of American women themselves. With a naïveté that is, as a rule, perfectly amiable, they regard themselves as the finer half of creation, and conceive it to be not so much the duty as the privilege of the lower masculine order to support them.

The more modern-minded ones among them, who prefer to earn their own living even after they are married, carry over into that action a delicate contempt for any assumed obligations to their male partners which marriage might have seemed to connote. And, in accordance with the same logic, many of them prefer to keep their maiden names, to the confusion, at times, of the ignorant visitor.

This point of view is put, with extreme simplicity, in the remark that 'a woman's moral number is higher than a man's,' and registered rather touchingly in the early eagerness with which you are invited to 'meet the wife.' More in this than the expansive social gregariousness which differentiates the American of either sex from the Britisher! The man feels, and the woman agrees, that she is his great social asset.

This consciousness, calm and clear, permeates her being. It gives her poise, it gives her the conviction of being good-looking—which, though confirmed by ample cosmetics, is not always supported by facts; it gives her a sense of being irresistibly intelligent. She compares herself not so much with other women as with men; and socially this comparison is all to a woman's advantage in America.

Halos are always expensive. The American woman seems to me to pay a good deal for hers. If it is agreeable to have her male relatives burning incense before her, it means that she is often rather lonely in her shrine. Worse than that is the doubt that must visit her from time to time as to whether the men nowadays are wholly sincere in treating her as a superior being.

In this country we may, and do, talk about 'women' doing or thinking this or that, but we accept far more fully, for practical action, the simple truth that women are infinitely various. It does not seem to me to be anything like so thoroughly accepted in America. And, until it is, there is no authentic emancipation possible.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

TO JUDGE FROM the letters that we received attacking Mr. Frank H. Shaw's article on Prohibition in our April 15th issue, dry sentiment runs stronger among LIVING AGE readers than among the readers of the *Literary Digest*. Or is it that the LIVING AGE wets are less articulate? Anyway, here are a few of the bouquets that the editor has recently received.

QUINTER, KANSAS

TO THE EDITOR:—

I have just read the article from the Tory publication, *The English Review*, and would like to make a comment or two on what readers expect of THE LIVING AGE. The article itself is about what the English press is giving to the British public so far as the press is controlled by the brewery and distillery interests of the United Kingdom. The writer was offered no end of liquor within three hours of landing, so he writes. I walked the streets of New York for weeks recently and was offered no liquor and saw no drunkenness. I suppose that if I had used the right password and pressed the right button I would have found what this writer found. But I was seeing New York, not looking for liquor.

I know what being 'dry' in England means and that is that a man does not take more than he can carry, so your heading is a misrepresentation, like the rest of the article. I can think of few greater blessings to America than that New York, which was disloyal during the Civil War and is disloyal to-day in the greater war against the curse of alcohol, should be annexed to Europe where a large part of it was born and where its customs originate. And since this boon must be denied I could wish that the metropolitan editors could get acquainted with America and learn that most of her citizens are back of a dry Congress and a dry President and that they are not hunting a cellar where they can drink synthetic gin. Judging by past experience this is scarcely more possible than the other.

May one at least hope that the Editor may know the difference between English liquor propaganda and real information.

Sincerely yours,
M. M. COLEMAN

A lady from Philadelphia who did social service in New York during the days of the saloon has this to say.

5141 WEBSTER STREET
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

TO THE EDITOR:—

That an American magazine supported by American subscriptions should indulge in mud-slinging at Edison and Ford instead of coming to the defense of American womanhood rightfully raises a question of the why and wherefore of the underlying motive.

When Mr. Shaw says, 'The *average* middle-class American young girl esteems it an excellent thing to get comprehensively intoxicated on every possible occasion,' he writes a dastardly and damnable lie. That you should have published it is bad enough—that you should have allowed that statement to go unchallenged is uncomprehensible.

We feel an explanation is due us.

CAROLINE W. DIEHL

To prove our impartiality in the matter and to show that Mr. Shaw's point of view is not universal in England we are printing in this issue a much more sympathetic study of the same problem by the New York correspondent of England's greatest liberal newspaper, the *Manchester Guardian*.

Now and then, of course, we do get a word of praise, and nothing is more welcome. To express disgust is a highly satisfying compensation for grievances endured, but to express approval is a purely

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Christian act affording more pleasure to the receiver than to the giver. Here is a kind word from below the Mason and Dixon line.

39 MADDOX DRIVE
ATLANTA, GEORGIA

TO THE EDITOR:—

Please let me express my pleasure over your return to your old policies in respect to getting out the 'AGE.' And may I not say that of all the magazines I read I enjoy THE LIVING AGE the most. It is the means of keeping me informed of what is going on in the world that is not America, and it clarifies my views on many a domestic issue.

Yours truly,
P. C. ALSTON

All the way from Paris comes this commendation of our decision to stick to our time-honored policies.

PARIS, FRANCE

TO THE EDITOR:—

It would be futile for me to comment on the unique place which THE LIVING AGE occupies, or on the loss to American culture and the personal loss to your readers if its traditional character had been abandoned. THE LIVING AGE is like a series of striking views of the daily life, toil, and struggle of our neighbors, their faces dripping with sweat, their arms sheltering their children, though with contorted faces, and their intellectuals talking at home to their own people, but audible to us in our own language—and all seen and heard at first hand through a window of our own workshop. What a pity it would have been to have walled up the window and substituted self-made pictures, tacked upon the wall, painted by ourselves, and lighted by the accustomed electric light of our own working place!

Sincerely yours,
R. C. GOODALE

Signs and wonders in the western sky.

SHARON, WASHINGTON

TO THE EDITOR:—

I wonder how many people saw the strange meteor that fell about 9 P.M. June 23rd, 1929? Mr. Dodge and I were sitting facing our large south window where we view the beautiful western scenery and gorgeous sunsets and listen to the interesting programmes over the radio, and although it was quite dark when the meteor fell I had not taken time to light up. We both saw the meteor when it began to fall. It was very brilliant and when the bright streak went down the sky the distance of a long figure 1 it remained like that for a few seconds, then it began to lengthen and twist around until it formed a large, bright, perfect figure 5 but lacking the dash at the top, and this 5 remained during the remainder of the demonstration. I looked away to see if Mr. Dodge were asleep, for I had made such exclamations as 'Isn't that wonderful!' etc., but with listening to the radio and all I did not get a reply.

We were both deeply inspired by the scene, knowing that God was guiding the phenomena but we did not make out the letters G O D like the lady in Glide, Oregon, told about in the *Spokesman-Review*. Two of our neighbors were sitting on their veranda and saw the strange meteor demonstration and the lady phoned to ask if we saw it.

Just lately when we heard King George of England broadcast his speech I realized more fully that the meteor was a forerunner of World Peace, for the heads of five nations (the United States, England, France, Japan, and Italy) are all in conference now to eliminate war and establish World Peace and fulfill the scriptures.

MRS. F. T. DODGE

RUMFORD PRESS
CONCORD, N.H.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED